

METROPOLITAN RECORD.

VOL. I---NO. 20.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 11, 1859.

Price, Six Cents.

The Phantom Ship.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

In Mother's Magnolia Christi,
Of the old colonial time,
May be found in prose the legend
That is here set down in rhyme.
A ship sailed from New Haven
And the keen and frosty airs
That filled her sails at parting,
Were heavy with good men's prayers.

"O Lord! if it be thy pleasure,"
Thus prayed the old divine,
"To bury our friends in the ocean,
Take them, for they are thine!"

But Master Lambertson muttered,
And under his breath said he,
"This ship is so crank and volty,
I fear our graves she will be!"

And the ships that came from England,
When the winter months were gone,
Brought no tidings of this vessel
Nor of Master Lambertson.

This put the people to praying
That the Lord would let them hear
What, in His greater wisdom,
He had done with friends so dear.

And at last their prayers were answered—
It was in the month of June,
An hour before the sunset,
Of a windy afternoon;

When steadily steering landward,
A ship was soon below,
And they knew it was Lambertson, Master,
Who sailed so long ago.

On she came, with a cloud of canvas,
Right against the wind that blew,
Until the eye could distinguish
The faces of the crew.

Then fell her straining top-masts,
Hanging tangled in the shrouds,
And her sails were loosened and lifted,
And blown away like clouds.

And the masts, with all their rigging,
Fell slowly one by one,
And the hull dilated and vanished,
As a sea mist in the sun!

And the people who saw this marvel,
Each said unto his friend,
That this was the mould of their vessel,
And thus her tragic end.

And the pastor of the village
Gave thanks to God in prayer,
That to quiet their troubled spirits
He had sent this Ship of Air.

SINTRAM AND HIS COMPANIONS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FOUQUE.

CONCLUDED.

"Sir Knight, I know not myself," answered an esquire; "but it seemed to me that it must be so."

"Let it be," said the chaplain. "I feel that this also comes as a token full of meaning from the right source."

Then the knight threw himself into his saddle; the priest went beside him; and they both rode slowly and silently towards Drontheim. The faithful dog followed his master. When the lofty castle of Drontheim appeared in sight, a gentle smile spread itself over Sintram's countenance, like sunshine over a wintry valley.

"God has done great things for me," he said. "I once rushed from here, a fearfully wild boy; I now come back a penitent man. I trust that it will yet go well with my poor troubled life."

The chaplain assented kindly, and soon afterwards the travelers passed under the echoing vaulted gateway into the castle-yard. At a sign from the priest, the retainers approached with respectful haste, and took charge of the horse; then he and Sintram went through long winding passages and up many steps to the remote chamber which the chaplain had chosen for himself; far away from the noise of men, and near to the clouds and stars. There the two passed a quiet day in devout prayer, and earnest reading of Holy Scripture.

When the evening began to close in, the chaplain arose and said: "And now, my knight, get ready thy horse, and mount and ride back again to thy father's castle. A toilsome way lies before thee, and I dare not

go with you. But I can and will call upon the Lord for you all through the long fearful night. O beloved instrument of the Most High, thou wilt yet not be lost!"

Thrilling with strange forebodings, but nevertheless strong and vigorous in spirit, Sintram did according to the holy man's desire. The sun set as the knight approached a long valley, strangely shut in by rocks, through which lay the road to his father's castle.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Before entering the rocky pass, the knight with a prayer and thanksgiving, looked back once more at the castle of Drontheim. There it was, so vast and quiet and peaceful; the bright windows of the chaplain's high chamber yet lighted up by the last gleam of the sun, which had already disappeared. In front of Sintram was the gloomy valley, as if his grave. Then there came towards him some one riding on a small horse; and Skovmark, who had gone up to the stranger as if to find out who he was, now ran back, howling and whining, and crept, terrified, under his master's war-horse. But even the noble steed appeared to have forgotten his once so fearless and warlike ardour. He trembled violently, and when the knight would have turned him towards the stranger, he reared and snorted and plunged, and began to throw himself backwards. It was only with difficulty that Sintram's strength and horsemanship got the better of him; and he was all white with foam when Sintram came up to the unknown traveler.

"You have cowardly beasts with you," said the latter, in a low, smothered voice.

Sintram was unable, in the ever-increasing darkness, rightly to distinguish what kind of being he saw before him; only a very pallid face, which at first he had thought was covered with freshly fallen snow, met his eyes from amidst the long, hanging garments. It seemed that the stranger carried a small box wrapped up; his little horse, as if wearied out, bent his head down towards the ground, whereby a bell, which hung from the wretched torn bridle under his neck, was made to give a strange sound. After a short silence, Sintram replied: "Noble steeds avoid those of a worse race, because they are ashamed of them; and the boldest dogs are attacked by a secret terror at sight of forms to which they are not accustomed. I have no cowardly beasts with me."

Good, sir knight; then ride with me through the valley."

"I am going through the valley, but I want no companions."

"But perhaps I want one. Do you not see that I am unarmed? And at this season, at this hour, there are frightful, unearthly beasts about."

Just then, as though to confirm the awful words of the stranger, a thing swung itself down from one of the nearest trees, covered with hoar-frost,—no one could say if it were a snake or a lizard,—it curled and twisted itself, and appeared about to slide down upon the knight or his companion. Sintram levellied his spear, and pierced the creature through. But, with the most hideous contortions, it fixed itself firmly on the spear-head, and in vain did the knight endeavour to rub it off against the rocks or the trees. Then he let his spear rest upon his right shoulder, with the point behind him, so that the horrible beast no longer met his sight; and he said, with good courage, to the stranger, "It does seem, indeed, that I could help you, and I am not forbidden to have an unknown stranger in my company; so let us push on bravely into the valley!"

"Help!" so resounded the solemn answer; "not help. I perhaps may help thee. But God have mercy upon thee if the time should ever come when I could no longer help thee. Then thou wouldst be lost, and I should become very frightful to thee. But we will go through the valley—I have thy knightly word for it. Come!"

They rode forward, Sintram's horse still shewing signs of fear, the faithful dog still whining, but both obedient to their master's

will. The knight was calm and steadfast. The snow had slipped down from the smooth rocks, and by the light of the rising moon could be seen various strange twisted shapes on their sides, some looking like snakes, and some like human faces; but they were only formed by the veins in the rock and the half-bare roots of trees, which had planted themselves in that desert place with capricious firmness. High above and at a great distance, the castle of Drontheim, as if to take leave, appeared again through an opening in the rocks. The knight then looked keenly at his companion, and he almost felt as if Welgand the Slender were riding beside him.

"In God's name," cried he, "art thou not the shade of that departed knight who suffered and died for Verena?"

"I have not suffered, I have not died; but ye suffer, and ye die, poor mortals!" murmured the stranger. "I am not Welgand. I am that other, who was so like him, and whom thou hast also met before now in the wood."

Sintram strove to free himself from the terror which came over him at these words. He looked at his horse; it appeared to him entirely altered. The dry, many-colored oak leaves on its head were waving like the flames around a sacrifice. In the uncertain moonlight he looked down again, to see after his faithful Shovmark. Fear had likewise most wondrously changed him. On the ground in the middle of the road were lying dead men's bones, and hideous lizards were crawling about; and, in defiance of the wintry season, poisonous mushrooms were growing up all around.

"Can this be still my horse on which I am riding?" said the knight to himself, in a low voice; "and can that trembling beast which runs at my side be my dog?"

Then some one called after him, in a yelling voice, "Stop! stop! Take me also with you!"

Looking around, Sintram perceived a small, frightful figure with horns, and a face partly like a wild boar and partly like a bear, walking along on its hind legs, which were those of a horse; and in its hand was a strange, hideous weapon, shaped like a hook or a sickle. It was the being who had been wont to trouble him in his dreams; and, alas! it was the wretched Little Master himself, who, laughing wildly, stretched out a long claw towards the knight.

The bewildered Sintram murmured, "I must have fallen asleep, and now my dreams are coming over me!"

"Thou art awake," replied the rider of the little horse, "but thou knowest me also in thy dreams. For, behold! I am Death." And his garments fell from him, and there appeared a mouldering skeleton, its ghastly head crowned with serpents; that which he had kept hidden under his mantle was an hour glass with sand almost run out. Death held it towards the knight in his fleshless hand. The bell at the neck of the little horse gave forth a solemn sound. It was a passing bell.

"Lord, unto Thy hands I commend my spirit!" prayed Sintram; and full of earnest devotion He rode after Death, who beckoned him on.

"He has thee not yet! He has thee not yet!" screamed the fearful fiend. "Give thyself up to me rather. In one instant—for swift are thy thoughts, swift is my might—in one instant thou shalt be in Normandy. Helen yet blooms in beauty as when she departed hence, and this very night she would be thine." And once again he began his unholly praises of Gabrielle's loveliness, and Sintram's heart glowed like wild fire in his weak breast.

Death said nothing more, but raised the hour glass in his right hand yet higher and higher, and as the sand now ran out more quickly, a soft light streamed from the glass over Sintram's countenance, and then it seemed to him as if eternity in all its calm majesty were rising before him, and a world of confusion dragging him back with a deadly grasp.

"I command thee, wild form that followest me," cried he, "I command thee, in the name

of our Lord Jesus Christ, to cease from thy seducing words, and to call thyself by that name by which thou art recorded in Holy Writ!"

A name, more fearful than a thunder-clap, burst despairingly from the lips of the Tempter, and he disappeared.

"He will return no more," said Death in a kindly tone.

"And now I am become wholly thine, my stern companion!"

"Not yet, my Sintram. I shall not come to thee till many, many years are past. But thou must not forget me the while."

"I will keep the thought of thee steadily before my soul, thou fearful yet wholesome monitor, thou awful yet loving guide!"

"Oh! I can truly appear very gentle."

And so it proved indeed. His form became more softly defined in the increasing gleam of light which shone from the hour glass; the features, which had been awful in their sternness, wore a gentle smile; the crown of serpents became a bright palm-wreath; instead of the horse appeared a white misty cloud in the moonlight, and the bell gave forth sounds as of sweet lullabies. Sintram thought he could hear these words amidst them:

"The world and Satan are overcome. Before these gleams eternal light, Warrior, who had won the strife: Save from darkest shades of night Him before whose aged eyes All my terrors soon shall rise."

The knight well knew that his father was meant, and he urged on his noble steed, which now obeyed his master willingly and gladly, and the faithful dog also again ran beside him fearlessly. Death had disappeared, but in front of Sintram there floated a bright morning cloud, which continued visible after the sun had risen clear and warm in the bright winter sky.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"He is dead! the horrors of that fearful stormy night have killed him!" Thus said, about this time, some of Biorn's retainers, who had not been able to bring him back to his senses since the morning of the day before; they had made a couch of wolf and bear skins for him in the great hall, in the midst of the armor which still lay scattered around. One of the esquires said with a low sigh, "The Lord have mercy on his poor wild soul!"

Just then the warder blew his horn from the tower, and a troop came into the room with a look of surprise. "A knight is coming thither," said he; "a wonderful knight. I could have taken him for Lord Sintram—but a bright, bright morning cloud floats so close before him, and throws over him such clear light, that one could fancy red flowers were showering down upon him. Besides, his horse has a wreath of red leaves on his head, which was never a custom of the son of our dead lord."

"Just such a one, replied another, "I wove for him yesterday. He was not pleased with it at first, but afterwards he let it remain."

"But why didst thou that?"

"It seemed to me as if I heard a voice singing again and again in my ear: 'Victory! victory! the noblest victory!' The knight rides forth to victory! And then I saw a branch of our oldest oak tree stretched towards me, which had kept on almost all its red and yellow leaves in spite of the snow. So I did according to what I had heard sung; and I plucked some of the leaves, and wove a triumphal wreath for the noble war-horse. At the same time Skovmark—you know that the faithful beast had always a great dislike to Biorn, and therefore had gone to the stable with the horse—Skovmark jumped upon me, fawning, and seemed pleased, as if he wanted to thank me for my work; and such noble animals understand well about good prognostics."

They heard the sound of Sintram's spurs on the stone steps, and Skovmark's joyous bark. At that instant the supposed corpse of Biorn sat up, looking around with rolling, staring eyes, and asked of the terrified retainers, in a hollow voice, "Who comes there, ye people? who comes there? I know it is my son. But

who comes with him? The answer to that bears the sword of decision in its mouth. For see, good people, Gotthard and Rudlieb have prayed much for me; yet if the little Master come with him, I am lost in spite of them."

"Thou art not lost, my beloved father," Sintram's kind voice was heard to say, as he softly opened the door, and the bright red morning cloud floated in with him.

Biorn clasped his hands, cast a look of thankfulness up to heaven, and said, smiling, "Yes, praised be God! it is the right companion! It is sweet gentle death!" And then he made a sign to his son to approach, saying, "Come here, my deliverer; come, blessed of the Lord, that I may relate to thee all that has passed within me."

As Sintram now sat close to his father's couch, all who were in the room perceived a remarkable and striking change. For old Biorn, whose whole countenance, and not his eyes alone, had been wont to have a fiery aspect, was now quite pale, almost like white marble; while, on the other hand, the cheeks of the once deadly pale Sintram glowed with a bright bloom like that of early youth. It was caused by the morning cloud which still shone upon him, whose presence in the room was rather felt than seen; but it produced a gentle thrill in every heart.

"See, my son," began the old man, softly and mildly, "I have lain for a long time in a death-like sleep, and have known nothing of what was going on around me; but within—ah! within, I have known but too much! I thought that my soul would be destroyed to the eternal anguish; and yet again I felt, with much greater horror, that my soul was eternal like that anguish. Beloved son, thy cheeks that glowed so brightly are beginning to grow pale at my words. I refrain from more. But let me relate to you something more cheering. Far, far away, I could see a bright lofty church, where Gotthard and Rudlieb were kneeling and praying for me. Gotthard had grown very old, and looked almost like one of our mountains covered with snow, on which the sun, in the lovely evening hours, is shining; and Rudlieb was also an elderly man, but very vigorous and very strong; and they both, with all their strength and vigor, were calling upon God to aid me, their enemy. Then I heard a voice like that of an angel saying, 'His son does the most for him! He must this night wrestle with death and with the fallen one! His victory will be victory, and his defeat will be defeat for the old man and himself.' Thereupon I awoke; and I knew that all depended upon whom thou wouldst bring with thee. Thou hast conquered. Next to God, the praise be to thee!"

"Gotthard and Rudlieb have helped much," replied Sintram; "and, beloved father, so have the fervent prayers of the chaplain of Drontheim. I felt, when struggling with temptation and deadly fear, how the heavenly breath of holy men floated around me and aided me."

"I am most willing to believe that, my noble son, and everything thou sayest to me," answered the old man; and at the same moment the chaplain also coming in, Biorn stretched out his hand towards him, with a smile of peaceful joy. And now all seemed to be surrounded with a bright circle of unity and blessedness. "But see," said old Biorn, "how the faithful Skovmark jumps upon me now, and tries to caress me. It is not long since he used always to howl with terror when he saw me."

"My dear lord," said the chaplain, "there is a spirit dwelling in good beasts, though dreamy and unconscious."

As the day wore on, the stillness in the hall increased. The last hour of the aged knight was drawing near, but he met it calmly and fearlessly. The chaplain and Sintram prayed beside his couch. The retainers knelt devoutly around. At length the dying man said, "Is that the prayer-bell in Verena's cloister?" Sintram's looks said yes; while warm tears fell on the colorless cheeks of his father. A gleam shone in the old man's eyes, the morning cloud stood close over him, and then the gleam, the morning cloud, and the life with them, departed from him.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A few days afterwards Sintram stood in the parlor of the convent, and waited with a beating heart for his mother to appear. He had seen her for the last time when, a slumbering child, he had been awakened by her warm farewell kisses, and then had fallen asleep

again, to wonder in his dreams what his mother had wanted with him, and to seek her in vain the next morning in the castle and in the garden. The chaplain was now at his side, rejoicing at the chastened rapture of the knight, whose fierce spirit had been softened, on whose cheeks a light reflection of that solemn morning cloud yet lingered.

The inner doors opened. In her white veil, stately and noble, the Lady Verena came forward, and with a heavenly smile she beckoned her son to approach the gracing. There could be no thought here of any passionate outbreak, whether of sorrow or of joy. The holy peace which had its abode within these walls would have found its way to a heart less tried and less purified than that which beat in Sintram's bosom. Shedding some placid tears, the son knelt before his mother, kissed her flowing garments through the grating, and felt as if in paradise, where every wish and every care is hushed.

"Beloved mother," said he, "let me become a holy man, as thou art a holy woman. Then I will betake myself to the cloister tower; and perhaps I might one day be deemed worthy to be thy confessor, if illness or the weakness of old age should keep the good chaplain within the castle of Drontheim."

"That would be a sweet, quietly-happy life, my good child," replied the Lady Verena; "but such is not thy vocation. Thou must remain a bold, powerful knight, and thou must spend the long life, which is almost always granted to us children of the north, in succoring the weak, in keeping down the lawless, and in yet another and more bright and honorable employment which I hitherto rather honor than know."

"God's will be done!" said the knight, and he rose up full of self-devotion and firmness.

"That is my good son," said the Lady Verena. "Ah! how many sweet calm joys spring up for us! See already is our long desire of meeting again satisfied, and thou wilt never more be so entirely estranged from me. Every week on this day thou wilt come back to me, and thou wilt relate what glorious deeds thou hast done, and take back with thee my advice and my blessing."

"Am I not once more a good and happy child?" cried Sintram joyously; "only that the merciful God has given in addition the strength of a man in body and spirit. Oh, how blessed is that son to whom it is allowed to gladden his mother's heart with the blossoms and the fruit of his life!"

Thus he left the quiet cloister's shade, joyful in spirit and richly laden with blessings, to enter on his noble career. He was not content with going about wherever there might be a rightful cause to defend or evil to avert; the gates of the now hospitable castle stood always open also to receive and shelter every stranger; and old Rolf, who was almost grown young again at the sight of his lord's excellence, was established as seneschal. The winter of Sintram's life set in bright and glorious, and it was only at times that he would sigh within himself and say, "Ah, Montfaucon! ah, Gabrielle! if I could dare to hope that you have quite forgiven me!"

CHAPTER XXX.

The spring had come in its brightness to the northern lands, when one morning Sintram turned his horse homewards, after a successful encounter with one of the most formidable disturbers of the peace of his neighborhood. His horsemen rode after him, singing as they went. As they drew near the castle, they heard the sound of joyous notes wound on the horn. "Some welcome visitor must have arrived," said the knight; and he spurred his horse to a quicker pace over the dewy meadow. While still at some distance, they descried old Rolf, busily engaged in preparing a table for the morning meal, under the trees in front of the castle gates. From all the turrets and battlements floated banners and flags in the fresh morning breeze; esquires were running to and fro in their gayest apparel. As soon as the good Rolf saw his master, he clasped his hands joyfully over his gray head, and hastened into the castle. Immediately the wide gates were thrown open; and Sintram, as he entered, was met by Rolf, whose eyes were filled with tears of joy while he pointed at three noble forms that were following him.

Two men of high stature—one in extreme old age, the other gray-headed, and both remarkably alike—were leading between them a fair young boy, in a page's dress of blue vel-

vet, richly embroidered with gold. The two old men wore the dark velvet dress of German burghers, and had massive gold chains and large shining medals hanging round their necks.

Sintram had never before seen his honored guests, and yet he felt as if they were well-known and valued friends. The very aged man reminded him of his dying father's words about the snow-covered mountains lighted up by the evening sun; and then he remembered, he could scarcely tell how, that he had heard Folke say that one of the highest mountains of that sort in his Southern land was called the St. Gotthard. And at the same time, he knew that the old but yet vigorous man on the other side was named Rudlieb. But the boy who stood between them; ah! Sintram's humility dared scarcely form a hope as to who he might be, however much his features, so noble and soft, called up two highly honored images before his mind.

Then the aged Gotthard Lenz, the king of old men, advanced with a solemn step, and said:

"This is the noble boy Engeltram of Montfaucon, the only son of the great baron; and his father and mother send him to you, Sir Sintram, knowing well your holy and glorious knightly career, that you may bring him up to all the honorable and valiant deeds of this northern land, and may make of him a Christian knight, like yourself."

Sintram threw himself from his horse. Engeltram of Montfaucon held the stirrup gracefully for him, checking the retainers, who pressed forward, with these words: "I am the noblest born esquire of this knight, and the service nearest to his person belongs to me."

Sintram knelt in silent prayer on the turf; then lifting up in his arms, towards the rising sun, the image of Folke and Gabrielle, he cried, "With the help of God, my Engeltram, thou wilt become glorious as that sun, and thy course will be like his!"

And old Rolf exclaimed, as he wept for joy, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace."

Gotthard Lenz and Rudlieb were pressed to Sintram's heart; the chaplain of Drontheim, who just then came from Verena's cloister to bring a joyful greeting to her brave son, stretched out his hands to bless them all.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF SERPENT-CHARMING.

In the room stood two men, who appeared to be Arabs, with long bushy hair and black beards; and I was told that they were a particular race of men that could charm serpents. A wooden box, about four feet long and two feet wide, was placed near the door, with a string fastened to a slide at the end of it; this string went through a hole in the door. The two serpent-eaters were dressed in haicks only, and these very small ones. After they had gone through their religious ceremonies most devoutly, they appeared to take an eternal farewell of each other; this done, one of them retired from the room, and when the door light after him. The Arab who sat seemed to be in dreadful distress; I could observe his heart throb and his bosom heave most violently; and he cried out very loudly, "Allah, how kiber!" three times, which is, as I understand it, "God, have mercy on me!" The Arab was at the farthest end of the room, and at that instant the cage was opened, and a serpent crept out slowly; he was about four feet long, and eight inches in circumference; his colors were the most beautiful in nature, being bright, and variegated with a deep yellow, a purple and a cream color, black and brown spotted, &c. As soon as he saw the Arab in the room, his eyes, which were small and green, kindled as with fire; he erected himself in a second—his head two feet high—and, darting on the defenceless Arab, seized him between the folds of his haick, just above his right hip-bone, hissing most horribly; the Arab gave a horrid shriek, when another serpent came out of the cage. This last was black, very shining, and appeared to be seven or eight feet long, but not more than two in diameter; as soon as he cleared the cage he darted his fiery eyes on his intended victim, and, springing like lightning on the Arab, struck his fangs into his neck, near the jugular vein, while his tail and body flew round his body in two or three folds. The Arab set up the most hideous and piteous yelling, foamed and frothed at the mouth, grasping the folds of the serpent, which were round his arms,

with his right hand, and seemed to be in the greatest agony—striving to tear the reptile from around his neck, while with his left he seized hold of it near the head, but could not break its hold. By this time the other had twined itself round his legs, and kept biting all around the other parts of his body, making apparently deep incisions; the blood issuing from every wound, both in his neck and body, streamed all over his clothes and skin. My blood was chilled with horror at the sight, and it was with difficulty my legs would support my frame. Notwithstanding the Arab's greatest exertions to tear away the serpents with his hands, they twined themselves still tighter; stopped his breath, and he fell up on the floor, where he continued for a moment, as if in the most intense agony, rolling over and covering every part of his body with his own blood and froth, until he ceased to move, and appeared to have expired. In his last struggle he had wounded the black serpent with his teeth, as it was striving, as it were, to force its head into his mouth; which would seem to increase its rage. At this instant I heard the shrill sound of a whistle, and, looking towards the door, saw the other Arab applying a call to his mouth. The serpents listened to the music; their fury seemed to forsake them by degrees; they disengaged themselves leisurely from the apparently lifeless carcass; and creeping towards the cage, the soon entered it, and were immediately fastened in. The door of the apartment was now opened, and he without ran to assist his companion; he had a phial of blackish liquor in one hand, and an iron chisel in the other, finding the teeth of his companion set, he thrust in the chisel, forced them open, and poured a little of the liquor into his mouth; and, holding his lips together, applied his mouth to the dead man's nose, and filled his lungs with air; he next anointed his wounds with a little of the same liquid; and yet no sign of life appeared. I thought he was dead in earnest; his neck and veins were exceedingly swollen; when his comrade, taking up the lifeless trunk in his arms, brought it out into the open air, and continued the operation of blowing for several minutes before a sign of life appeared. At length he gasped, and after a time recovered so far as to be able to speak. The swellings in his neck, body, and legs, gradually subsided, as he continued washing the wounds with clear cold water and a sponge, and applying the black liquor occasionally; clean garments were wrapped about him, but his strength seemed so far exhausted that he could not support himself standing; so his comrade laid him on the ground, by a wall, where he sunk into a sleep. This exhibition lasted for about an hour, from the time the serpents were let loose until they were called off, and it was more than an hour from that time before he could speak. I thought that I could discover that the poisonous fangs had been pulled out of these formidable serpents' jaws, and mentioned that circumstance to the showman, who said that they had indeed been extracted; and when I wished to know how the swellings in his neck and other parts could be assumed, he assured me, that though their deadly fangs were out, yet that the poisonous quality of their breath and spittle would cause the death of those they attack; and after a bite from either of these serpents, no man could exist longer than fifteen minutes, and that there was no remedy for any but those who were endowed by the Almighty with power to charm and manage them; and that he and his associate were of that favored number.

ANCIENT SUTTERSEANAN RIVER BEDS.—In a

letter, a Californian digger says: "I am now living at the top of a very high mountain, about eleven feet above the sea, where the snow is about ten feet deep. The mining here is all done by tunnelling, and the tunnels are in general from six hundred to one thousand feet in length. After running in that distance through the solid rock, we strike a deposit of gravel, generally from five hundred to six hundred feet in width, and often over two miles in length. It is in this gravel that the gold is deposited. These deposits of gravel are evidently the beds of ancient rivers, for we find the trunks of very large trees lying in the gravel, and pieces of wood of all shapes and sizes. The gravel is all round, and exactly like that now found in the rivers. The channel we are now sinking is more than seven hundred feet perpendicular below the surface of the ground."

The Angel Watch, or the Sisters.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

A daughter watched at midnight
Her dying mother's bed;
For five long nights she had not slept,
And many tears were shed.
A vision like an angel came,
Which none but her might see:
"Sleep, duteous child," the angel said,
And I will watch for thee!"

Sweet slumber like a blessing fell
Upon the daughter's face;
The angel smiled, and touched her not,
But gently took her place;
And oh, so full of human love
Those pitying eyes did shine,
The angel guest half mortal seemed—
The slumberer half divine.

Like rays of light the sleeper's locks
In warm loose curls were thrown;
Like rays of light the angel's hair
Seemed like the sleeper's own—
A rose-like shadow on the cheek,
Dissolving into pearl;
A something in that angel's face
Seemed sister to the girl!

The mortal and immortal, each
Reflecting each was seen;
The earthly and spiritual,
With death's pale face between.
Oh, human love, what strength like thine?
From these those prayers arise
Which, entering into paradise,
Draw angels from the skies.

The dawn looked through the casement cold—
A wintry dawn of gloom,
And sadder showed the curtained bed,
The still and sickly room;
"My daughter—are you here, my child?
Oh, haste thee, love, come nigh,
That I may see once more thy face,
And bless thee, ere I die!"

"If ever I were harsh to thee,
Forgive me now," she cried;
"God knows my heart—I loved thee most
When I seemed to chide.
Now bend and kiss thy mother's lips,
And for her spirit pray!"
The angel kissed her—and her soul
Passed blissfully away!

A sudden start!—what dream, what sound
The slumbering girl alarms?
She wakes—she sees her mother dead
Within the arms!
She wakes—she springs with wild embrace,
But nothing there appears
Except her mother's sweet dead face,
Her own convulsive tears.

THE ORISIS.

A STORY TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

At a time, and that not a distant one, when the world of commerce was shaken to its very foundations, and nothing was heard of but gazettings, and still worse, suicides among its denizens, M. Michel Pernon sat in his cabinet alone. He had that morning driven his wife and daughter almost angrily from him, and from the seat in which he had then placed himself, he had never stirred for many consecutive hours. He was a merchant, and some late intelligence of an alarming nature was the cause of his indulgence in solitude. But the reader will err if he imagines the subject of M. Pernon's meditations to have been some-thing throughout. His difficulties occupied his thoughts at first, indeed, but, fatigued with reflecting upon them, his imagination had gradually turned to brighter and fairer images. His paper, he thought, circulated once more with facility; his ships covered the seas anew; all arrived in port without loss or damage; and with returning fortune came happiness and respect of the world. Unfortunately, these were but fancies, and fancies that were speedily dissipated. A loud and imperious voice outside the cabinet door dispelled them at once.

"I tell you that he is at home. I know it; and I must see him. Announce me, or I will announce myself."

Thus forced to break through the orders given to him, the servant opened the door, and without looking at M. Pernon, read from a card, with decomposed tones, the words, "M. Charles Vermond & Co." M. Pernon suddenly turned his back upon the door on hearing the words, but though he thus prevented himself from seeing the person who entered so authoritatively, his face became deadly pale, and the perspiration started instantaneously on his brow. The new comer in the meantime made a circuit round the table to place himself in front of his debtor, for such Michael Pernon was. There was certainly nothing terrible or alarming in the outward appear-

ance of the merchant's visitor. He was a young man of twenty-six or so, remarkably well formed, and with a countenance that would have been very pleasing in a state of repose; but, at the moment under consideration, it was stirred by emotions of anger and haughty dislike, which made it pale and red in quick alternations. There was also a slight portion of triumph mingled evidently with these feelings. M. Charles Vermond was attired in deep mourning, and attired so elegantly, though with perfect plainness at the same time, that, but for other indications, one might have thought him bound upon a formal visit of respect. When M. Pernon mustered fortitude to cast a glance at his visitor, it seemed, from the sigh he gave, as if he concluded that all hope was fruitless, and that the creditor before him was determined upon showing no mercy. M. Pernon, nevertheless, placed a chair, and the visitor sat down.

"So," said M. Vermond, after a cold pause, "you have not honoured your acceptance, sir." "Alas, no," stammered the old merchant; "but believe me, sir, upon my honour—" "Yes, yes, I know what you will say," said M. Vermond; "but learn, sir, that I heed it not. The hour of reprisal is come; I knew that it would, but thought not that it was so near." "Reprisal!" answered Michael Pernon; "reprisal! Ah, sir, upon an old man, whom the chances of trade alone have made your debtor. Reprisal! and you so young, so rich, so happy!" "I thank the chances that you speak of with all my soul," said the young man. "It is but eight days," continued the merchant, "since I was rich; my speculations were promising, and my confidence had not been abused. Ah, sir, the fall is great enough. I knew not that my paper was in your hands—" "Yes," interrupted the young man, whose anger seemed to increase with the continued presence of the merchant; "yes, your paper is in my hands, and much more of it than you dream of. I am your principal creditor, sir, and you are a bankrupt." At the word bankrupt, so galling to the ears of a mercantile man, the old merchant shuddered; but he revived, and said with some degree of animation, "All the world may not lament my ruin, but none will doubt my probity. All my transactions have been open; my books are regular, my losses too plain; my expenses have always been moderate, and suited to my means." "Bah!" cried the young man bitterly, "tricks, tricks, to deceive the better! Your moderate expenses were but from hypocrisy, and your seeming losses set down to cover secret gains!" "Sir, sir!" cried the agitated old man; "M. Pernon," said the young man, "I only repeat words of yours. You taught me this language. Remember, sir, what you said sixteen years ago to my poor father. I was but a boy then. He was in the condition in which you now are; you came to him then, as I come to you now; he explained his affairs to you, he showed you his books, he avouched his honesty, and he prayed for time—nothing but a little time. And you—not humble and smooth as you are now, but loud and insolent—you loaded him with reproaches and insults. You asked, you remember, 'How a bankrupt dared to speak of honesty?' All bankrupts, you said, were scoundrels; and you exclaimed against the laws, which were too lenient upon such defaulters, and which you would have had to pillory them on the Exchange before the assembled world. In fine, sir, you opposed all arrangement, all compromise, and we drank a cup of misfortune to the very dregs. I, even I, a boy, shared directly in your pitiless anger. My mother took me by the hand, and brought me to this house—to this very room, which I well recollect. This book-shelf, these boxes—then gorged with wealth—I remember them all perfectly. My mother knelt to entreat your mercy. 'If you are resolved against my husband,' said she, 'have compassion upon my Charles, upon my poor boy! Do not take away our every resource; leave us something to finish that education on which our bread may yet depend.' I remember, sir," continued the young man, his anger seeming to revive with every fresh recollection—"I remember that I, in the thoughtlessness of a boy, took down a book from this shelf—the book is yet here—the very book—a Cicero! I took it down to show how far I was advanced in my education, and to aid my poor mother's words. You snatched the book from my hands, exclaiming, 'Cicero, indeed! Here is the son of a broken merchant with mighty

ideas!' You succeeded, sir. My education never was completed. I quitted France, and my object became to gain money, not to acquire knowledge. I did become rich, and every farthing that we owed you has been long since paid. But I never forgot, nor can forget, what else we owe you; and I vowed, if an opportunity should occur, that I would discharge that debt also. That chance has fallen in my way. Look for no pity from me, sir. Can you look for it? Can you ask it? No!"

To this long statement of the irritated young man, the merchant made no other answer than by a deep sigh, and the exclamation, "My poor wife! my poor girl! my Cecilia, my poor Cecilia!"

"My mother knelt before you, and her hand was then in that of her child, yet you pitied us not," said M. Vermond.

"I shall die, sir," said M. Pernon; "the shame and mortification will kill me!"

"My father told you the same, and you heeded not his anguish," was the answer.

For a moment there was a pause, and M. Pernon bent his eye on the fire in hopeless dismay. At that instant the door of the cabinet opened gently, and a young girl appeared, who at first saw not M. Vermond, and who was ignorant, evidently, of the unhappy matters then wringing the heart of her father. She stepped into the room as softly as she had opened the door, and she advanced smilingly, with her hands held out before her, with the apparent intention of placing them upon the old man's eyes, and making him guess—which the little hands would have rendered very, very easy—who had surprised him so. But suddenly she saw M. Vermond, and a blush overspread her countenance. For a moment or two she stood in confusion, and M. Vermond had an opportunity of seeing her fully; but, though still blushing, she recovered herself so far as to retreat, which she did as softly as she had entered, putting her finger at the same time to her lips, and begging the young man by that motion, and by the smile accompanying it, not to tell her father that she had intruded on his engaged moments.

This apparition was that of a most lovely girl, just blooming into womanhood—a creature with light tresses and blue eyes, and a countenance mingling the charming innocence of the girl with the intelligence of womanhood. The sight of her made a strange revolution in the young man's feelings. It was not the mere effect of beauty on a young and susceptible heart; there was something nobler and better, at least, mingled with that impression. While the disconsolate old merchant sat in silence by the fire, his lately angry creditor thought within himself, and for the first time, of all that his revenge, if indulged in, would effect. That smiling creature, radiant with youth, beauty and simplicity, was it right, was it manly, was it honorable, to cast a gloom over her path, and to involve her, who had never injured him, in the punishment which another had incurred? Again, however, M. Vermond thought of his parents and their injuries, and reproached his own weak relentings. But the vision which had passed before him was not to be so banished, and his eye turned ever upon the door, in the vain hope of seeing the smiling face reappear, with the beautiful tresses, and the charming rounded figure that had tripped so lightly into the apartment. The feelings of the young man had undergone a change as complete as sudden; and he finally lifted the book, which he had thrown angrily on the table, and replaced it carefully on the shelf, after which he resumed his seat by the merchant's side.

"Sir," said M. Pernon gravely, ignorant of the scene that had passed, and its remarkable consequences, "believe me, hate and vengeance are evil passions. Do not think that I have yet to repent of my conduct to your father; I repented of it long, long since. I myself was not at that time a parent, but became one almost immediately after your father's misfortunes, and then I first saw that my behavior had been unjust, inhuman. I learned to appreciate your father's sentiments, and his anxiety for his children. If he could speak to you now, knowing how sincere was my regret, he would counsel you to pity and forgiveness. Ah, sir, the happiness of my family—of my Cecilia—is in your hands! Pardon the past, and be lenient with me!"

"Sir—M. Pernon," said the young man, re-

spectfully but hesitatingly, "you will doubtless find friendliness; there is no fear—"

M. Vermond could say no more. He felt so surprised at his own emotions, so confused at the alteration which had taken place in himself, that he could not trust himself to speak further at the time. The old merchant looked at him with surprise, as he heard the mild tones of his creditor in his last words, and still more was he astonished when M. Vermond rose up hastily, and holding with his ungloved hand for a moment the door handle so lately touched by Cecilia, left the room with a hurried bow, but without another sentence.

In a few minutes afterwards M. Pernon entered the apartment of his wife and daughter. Exhausted by the agitating scene he had undergone, he sank down upon a sofa, uttering some sorrowful exclamations, which speedily drew Cecilia and her mother to his side.

"Dearest father, what has distressed you?" said the former, kissing his pale cheek.

"We are ruined!" said the merchant; "dear wife, dear child, we are ruined! God has punished me for my former hardness to others, and, I may add, with usury. Not only are we ruined, not only do I owe more than I can pay, but our fate is in the hands of the son of Vermond, who, sixteen years ago—but you remember, wife, for you counselled me to be more merciful at the time. Ah, he was misrepresented to me, but that matters not now. Our fate is in his son's hands; he was here but now; he came with threats on his tongue, and vengeance in his heart. Fortunately it was that neither of you were with me; you would have suffered as much as I did. His menaces were overwhelming, and yet, all of a sudden, as if by some miracle—some interposition of heaven—his anger seemed to be appeased, and we changed places, as it were, for he grew confused as I had been, and at last took his leave with civility and respectfulness."

Madame Pernon and Cecilia exchanged glances, and the daughter blushed divinely.

"Was he with you just now?" asked madame.

"But within these few minutes," answered M. Pernon.

"That fine looking young man so harsh, papa?" said Cecilia, still blushing.

"What! you saw him, then?" exclaimed the father.

"My dear husband," said Madame Pernon, throwing her arms around him, "do not give way to despair. All will be arranged, you will see."

The acute lady was not in error. Ere long her husband came comfortably out of the crisis of the day, and M. Charles Vermond, usually a most attentive man of business, was blamed by officious people for neglecting money awhile to attend on the steps of his young and beautiful betrothed, Cecilia Pernon.

UNCOMMON GOOD SHOT.—H. Brimsley Sheridan was more celebrated in the Senate than in the field. It chanced that he once paid a visit to an old sportsman, and in order to avoid the imputation of being a downright ignoramus, took a gun, and at the dawn of day went out in pursuit of game. He was accompanied by a gamekeeper, a true Pat, who lost no opportunity of praising Sheridan's prowess. The first covey rose within a few yards of the Statesman's nose, who waited till they were out of "harm's way" before he fired. Pat immediately observed, "I see you know what a gun is; it's well you wasn't nearer, or them chaps would be sorry you ever came into the country." Sheridan's second shot was not more successful. "Oh!" cried Pat, "what an escape. I'll be bound you rumbled some of their feathers." The third shot was as little effective as the former. "Hah!" exclaimed the Irishman, although astonished at so palpable a miss, "I'll lay a thirteen you don't come near us to-day. Master was too near you to be pleasant." On they went, without a bird in the bag; at last, on their return home, Sheridan perceived a covey, and unwilling to give them a chance of flight, he resolved to have a fire at them on the ground. He did so; but they all flew away untouched. Pat, whose excuses were now almost exhausted, still had something to say, and he joyfully exclaimed, looking at Sheridan, "You made them *lawe* that any how," and with this compliment to his sportsman-like qualities, Sheridan closed his morning's amusement, laughing heartily at his companion, and rewarding him with half a crown for his patience and encouragement.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Song of the Vermonters.

Ho—all to the borders! Vermonters, come down,
With your breeches of deer-skin and jackets of brown;
With your red woollen caps and your mocassins,
Come
To the gathering summons of trumpet and drum.
Come down with your rifles!—let gray wolf and fox
Howl on in the shade of their primitive rocks;
Let the bear feed securely from pig-pen and stall,
Here's two-legged game for your powder and ball.
On our south come the Dutchmen, enveloped in
grease,
And arming for battle while canting of peace;
On our east crafty Mesesch has gathered his band
To hang up our leaders, and eat up our land.
Ho—all to the rescue! for Satan shall work
No gain for the legions of Hampshire and York!
They claim our possessions—the pitiful knives;
The tribute we pay shall be prisons and graves.
Let Clinton and Ten Broeck, with bribes in their
hands,
Still seek to divide us and parcel our lands;
We've coats for our tailors, whoever they are—
The warp is of feathers, the filling of tar.
Does the "Old Bay State" threaten? Does Con-
gress complain?
Swarms Hampshire in arms on our borders again?
Bark the war-dogs of Britain aloud on the lake?
Let 'em come—what they can they are welcome to
take.
What seek they among us? The pride of our
wealth
Is comfort, contentment, and labor and health,
And lands which, as freemen we only have trod,
Independent of all, save the mercies of God.
Yet we owe no allegiance; we bow to no throne;
Our ruler is law, and the law is our own;
Our leaders themselves are our own fellow-men,
Who can handle the sword or the scythe or the
pen.
Our wives are all true, and our daughters are
fair,
With their blue eyes and smiles and their light
flowing hair;
All brisk at their wheels till the dark even-fall,
Then blithe at the sleigh-ride, the busking and
ball!
We've sheep on the hill-sides, we've cows on the
plain,
And gay-tasseled corn-fields, and rank growing
grain;
There are deer on the mountains, and wood-
pigeons fly
From the crack of our muskets, like clouds on
the sky.
Like a sunbeam the pickerel glides through the
pool,
And the spotted trout leaps where the waters are
cool,
Or darts from the shelter of rock and of root
At the beaver's quick plunge or the angler's
pursuit.
And ours are the mountains which awfully rise,
Till they rest their green heads on the blue of the
skies;
And ours are the forests unwasted, unshorn,
Save where the wild path of the tempest is torn.
And tho' savage and wild be this climate of ours,
And brief be our season of fruits and of flowers,
Far deeper the blast round our mountains which
raves,
Than the sweet summer zephyr which breathes
over slaves.
Hurrah for Vermont! for the land which we till
Must have sons to defend her from valley and hill;
Leave the harvest to rot on the field where it
grows,
And the reaping of wheat for the reaping of foes.
From far Michiscou's wild valley, to where
Pocomoosk steals down from his wood-circled
lair,
From Shoticook river to Lutterlock town—
Ho—all to the rescue! Vermonters, come down!
Come York or come Hampshire—come traitors
and knives,
If ye rule o'er our land, ye shall rule o'er our
graves!
Our vow is recorded—our banner unfurled—
In the name of Vermont we defy all the world!

* * * Rather than fall, I will retire with my hardy Green
Mountain Boys to desolate caverns of the mountains,
and wage war with human nature at large."—[Ethan
Allen's Letter to Congress, March 9, 1781.]

TERRIFIC FIGHT WITH A RATTLESNAKE.—We
have hitherto supposed the day long since
passed for chronicling a big snake fight in
the vicinity of the Central City, but such it
appears is not the case from a scene which
recently transpired within a short drive from
the Court House. Some of the older residents
will remember a building which formerly
stood on Prospect Hill, about six miles dis-
tant from Peoria, and which was destroyed
some seven or eight years since. During the

past season another house was erected near
the same location, and all that has remained
as relics of the old hotel, was a partially
filled excavation for a cellar, and two well
preserved brick cisterns, which had been
kept covered up. Last week, the proprietor
of the place, while busy with his wife in pre-
paring their Summer flower garden, found
himself in want of a few bricks for the edge
of the walks. Remembering the cisterns, he
uncovered one of them, and finding it dry at
the bottom, and only about six feet in depth,
he jumped in, and commenced throwing out
some of the best bricks he could pick from
the walls. It seems there was a piece of plank
with one end partially embedded in the earth
that somewhat incommoded him, so seizing it,
with some exertion, he pulled it out and threw
it to the top. What was his horror and sur-
prise, at the next moment, to find that he had
unearthed an enormous rattlesnake, and him-
self without a weapon in his hand.

As the cistern was round, and only about
five feet in diameter, he could not jump out,
and the snake, bristling with anger and rattling
defiance, was ready for battle. His
screams brought his wife to the scene, but
she was so overcome with fright that she be-
came powerless to render any assistance. The
snake, in the meantime, had commenced the
fight, making repeated springs at him, but for-
tunately he managed on each occasion to hit
him upon the head with his boot, without re-
ceiving a bite, the snake all the time becom-
ing more defiant and enraged. During the
whole scene, which lasted several minutes,
the man did not lose his presence of mind,
but watching his chance, made several frantic
efforts to jump bodily from this seemingly pit-
of destruction. At the last trial, he fortu-
nately grasped a brick, with gay way with
him, and remained in his hand, as he again
stood fronting his hissing enemy.

After a few more kicks, and watching his
opportunity, he fired it, making probably one
of the best shots on record, for it struck the
snake on the head, and between the one sent
and the wall, he became a "pretty well used
up serpent." Weak and exhausted, our hero,
by the assistance of his wife, was enabled to
climb from the pit, but when once more upon
the earth he fainted away, and it was some
time before he recovered. For several suc-
ceeding days he was quite unwell, owing prob-
ably to the poisonous effluvia inhaled, while
his desperate exercise in the encounter ren-
dered him exceedingly lame. The snake was
afterwards taken from the cistern, when it was
found to measure seven feet in length, and
contained thirteen rattles! The latter have
been preserved, and are placed in Shoaff's
Museum for exhibition.

[Peoria Transcript.]

PREMATURE INTERMENT.—Dr. Crichton, phy-
sician to the Grand Duke Nicholas, brother
of the Emperor of Russia, relates that "a
young girl, in the service of the Princess of
—, who had for some time kept her bed with
a nervous affection, at length, to all appear-
ance, was deprived of life. Her face had all
the character of death—her body was perfect-
ly cold, and every other symptom of death
was manifested. She was removed to another
room and placed in a coffin. On the day fixed
for her funeral, hymns, according to the cus-
tom of the country, were sung before the door;
but at the very moment when they were going
to nail down the lid of the coffin, a perspira-
tion was seen upon her skin, and in a few
minutes it was succeeded by a convulsive mo-
tion in the hands and feet. In a few moments
she opened her eyes, and uttered a piercing
scream. The faculty were instantly called in,
and in the space of a few days her health was
re-established. The account which she gave
of her situation is extremely curious. She
said that she appeared to dream that she was
dead, but that she was sensible to every thing
that was passing around her, and distinctly
heard her friends bewailing her death; she
felt them envelope her in the shroud, and
place her in the coffin. This sensation gave
her extreme agony, and she attempted to speak,
but her soul was unable to act upon her body.
She describes her sensations as very contra-
dictory, as if she was and was not in her body
at one and the same instant. She attempted
in vain to move her arms, to open her eyes, or
to speak. The agony of her mind was at its
height when she heard the funeral hymn, and
found that they were about to nail down the
lid of the coffin. The horror of being buried
alive gave a new impulse to her mind, which
resumed its power over its corporeal organiza-

tion, and produced the effects which excited
the notice of those who were about to convey
her to a premature grave."

THE DEAD SEA.—The ancients believed that
living bodies, and even heavy metals, would
not sink in the Dead Sea. Pliny and Strabo
witnessed its extraordinary buoyancy. Before
I left Jerusalem, I had resolved not to bathe
in it, on account of health; and I had sus-
tained my resolution during the whole of my
day's ride along its shore; but, on the point
of my turning up among the mountains, I
could resist no longer. My clothes seemed to
come off of their own accord, and before
Paul had time to ask me what I was going to
do, I was floating on its waters. Paul and the
Arabs followed, and after splashing about
for awhile, we lay like a parcel of corks
upon its surface. From my own experience,
I can almost corroborate the most extraordi-
nary accounts of the ancients. I know, in re-
ference to my own specific gravity, that in the
Atlantic or Mediterranean I cannot float with-
out some little movement of the hands, and
even then my body is almost totally sub-
merged; but here, when I threw myself upon
my back, my body was half out of water. It
was an exertion even for my link Arabs to
keep themselves under. When I struck out
in swimming, it was exceedingly awkward,
for my legs were constantly rising to the sur-
face, and even above the water. I could have
lain there and read with perfect ease. In
fact, I could have slept, and it would have
been a much easier bed than the bushes at
Jericho. It was ludicrous to see one of the
horses; as soon as his body touched the wa-
ter he was afloat, and turned over on his side.
He struggled with all his force to preserve
his equilibrium; but the moment he stopped
moving, he turned over on his side again, and
almost on his back, kicking his feet out of
water, and snorting with terror. The worst
of my bath was, after this was over, my skin
was covered with a thick glutinous substance,
which it required another ablution to get rid
of; and after I had wiped myself dry, my
body burnt and smarted as if I had been
turned round before a roasting fire. My face
and ears were encrusted with salt; my hairs
stood out, "each particular hair on end," and
my eyes were irritated and inflamed, so that
I felt the effects of it for several days. In
spite of all this, however, revived and re-
freshed by my bath, I mounted my horse a
new man. Modern science has solved all the
mystery about this water; it has been satisfac-
torily analyzed, and its specific gravity as-
certained to be 1.211, a degree of density un-
known in any other, the specific gravity of
fresh water being 1.000; and it has been
found to hold in solution the following pro-
portions of salt to 100 grains of water: Muri-
ate of lime, 3.290; muriate of magnesia,
10.246; muriate of soda, 10.360; sulphate of
lime, 0.054; total, 24.550.

**REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF FIDELITY IN A SER-
VANT.**—In the winter of the year 1776 the
Count and Countess Podotsky being on their
way from Vienna to Craacow, the wolves, which
are very numerous in the Carpathian moun-
tains, and when the cold is very severe, are
more bold and savage than usual, came down
in hordes, and pursued the carriage between
the towns of Oswiek and Zator, the latter of
which is only a few leagues from Craacow. Of
two servants, one was sent before to bespeak
post-houses; the other, whom the count par-
ticularly esteemed for his fidelity, seeing the
wolves come nearer and nearer, begged his
master to permit him to leave them his horse,
by which their rage would in some measure
be satisfied, and they should gain time to
reach Zator. The count consented; the ser-
vant mounted behind the carriage, and let the
horse go, which was seized by the wolves and
torn into a thousand pieces. Meantime the
travellers proceeded with all the speed they
could, in hopes to reach the town, from which
they were not very distant. But the horses
were tired, and the wolves, becoming more
savage now that they had tasted blood, had
almost overtaken the carriage. In this ex-
treme necessity, the servant cried out, "There
is only one means of deliverance; I will go
and meet the wolves, if you will swear to
provide as a father for my wife and children.
I must perish; but while they fall upon me
you will escape." Podotsky hesitated to com-
ply; but as there was no prospect of escape,
he consented, and solemnly vowed, that if he
would sacrifice himself for their safety, he
would constantly provide for his family. The
servant immediately got down, went to meet
the wolves, and was devoured! The count
reached the gates of Zator and was saved. He
consequently kept his word.

FACETIÆ.

LEGAL ACUMEN.—A well-known conveyancer,
noted for absence of mind, during the repre-
sentation of Macbeth at the Princess', on the
witness's reply to the Thane that they were
"doing a deed without a name," started up,
exclaiming, to the astonishment of the audi-
ence, "A deed without a name! Why, it's
void!—it's not worth sixpence!"

FASHIONABLE ARRIVALS IN NEW YORK.—
Two Miss Understandings, three Miss Takes,
Miss Fortune, Miss B. Havlout, Miss Apple,
Miss Give, Miss Management, Miss Chief and
Miss Understood.

Mrs. Partington was delighted and edified,
when she saw some large vessels in the Port
towing their boats astern. "Isn't it wonder-
ful?" exclaimed the old soul, "how perfect is
all the works of nature! Even the great big
ships have all got their little ones runnin'
along after 'em just as playful as lambs."

A boy once complained of his brother for
taking half of the bed. "And why not?"
said his mother; "he is entitled to half, is he
not?" "Yes, ma," said the boy; "but how
should you like him to take out all the
soft for his half? He will have his half out
of the middle, and I have to sleep on both
sides of him."

During a rehearsal, Braham said to Tom
Cooke, who was the conductor, "Now Tom,
keep quite piano here, because just at this
point, to give effect, I intend dropping my
voice." "Do you? By the powers," said Tom;
"whereabouts? for it's just the sort of
voice I should like to pick up!"

They tell a good story of Hallam and Rogers.
The poet said, "How do you do, H.?"
"Do, what?" "Why, how do you find
yourself?" "I never lose myself." "Well,
how have you been?" "Been, where?" "Pshaw!
how do you feel?" "Feel of me, and see."
"Good morning, Hallam." "It's not a good
morning." Rogers could say no more.

A missionary in New Zealand was lost in
the bush. Those who went in search of him
met a troop of savages, of whom they inquired
if he had anywhere seen the missionary.
"If I had found him," replied one of them, "I
should have eaten him!"

Garriack said of Sir John Hill, the physician
and author, "The worst I wish the doctor is,
that he may be compelled to take his own
physic and read his own plays." "You must
reverse the punishment," said a wag, "any
man who takes the doctor's physick, won't like
to read his plays."

Sydney Smith passing through a by-street
behind St. Paul's, heard two women abusing
each other from opposite houses. "They will
never agree," said the wit; "they argue from
different premises."

One of the miseries of human life is going to
dine with your friend upon the strength of
a general invitation, and finding, by the coun-
tenance of his wife, that you had much better
have waited for a particular one.

Mrs. Partington says that she did not marry
her second husband because she loved the
male sex, but just because he was the size of
her first protector, and would wear his old
clothes out.

"What object do you now see?" asked the
doctor. The young man hesitated for a few
moments, and then replied, "It appears like a
jackass, doctor, but I rather think it is your
shadow."

A new member rose to make his first speech,
and, in his embarrassment, began to scratch
his head. "Well, really," exclaimed She-
dan, "he has got something in his head, after
all."

A young fellow being asked how it hap-
pened that his sweetheart had given him the
mitten, replied, "I was such a fool that I
praised her so much she got so proud she
wouldn't speak to me."

"If you call this skinning," said Tom to
the barber, "it's not so bad; but if you call
it shaving, I should prefer your using the other
side of the razor."

A celebrated naturalist says that asses are
the most vilified of all animals. We know
that foxes are the most run down.

The transit across the English channel is
supposed to be the sick transit alluded to in
the well-known Latin quotation.

A bachelor's happiness hangs upon a thread
that is never at hand to sew on the shirt-bu-
ton that is always off.

A woman who abuses her husband won't let
anybody else do it. It is too great a luxury
to be shared with another.

"I do not wish your assertions to pass for
truth, madam." "You can easily prevent it,
sir, by repeating them yourself."

A good action is never thrown away. That
is the reason, no doubt, why we find so few of
them.

A good citizen is a peace-maker; and a
bull in a china shop is a piece-maker too.

The man who held on to the last was a son
of St. Crispin.

If a lady yawns half a dozen times in suc-
cession, young man, you may get your hat.

EMU HUNTING.

We lit our pipes as we rode on, and then I saw, about a hundred yards off, what had seemed to be a gray stump among the tall grass give a skip, and perceived that it was a kangaroo. Then under the dark cherry (cypress) I saw another bending down feeding. I held my tongue to see when Willy would perceive them, and we came quite close to the one under the cherry tree before he reined up, and said, "Look there!" I laughed and said, "I have been watching that fellow this last minute. Look away there—and there!" He looked, and lo! the forest was full of small gray figures skipping slowly away in all directions. "I can't see one worth powder and shot, Willy," I remarked; "they are all small fellows. Come along till we see one worth killing. We shall find a solitary old man soon, I dare say."

So we jogged on through the same sort of scenery, till Will said, "I say, Master Georgy, do you know this is a precious melancholy country of yours. I find myself thinking of things that happened twenty years ago, which I consider to be a most unhealthy state of mind. Don't you ever have the blues in these parts?"

"This forest land," I replied, "always makes me think of old times, somehow. Ah, Willy, do you remember the bright summer's mornings when you and I used to ride out exercising the hounds with old Crawley the huntsman, and Sam the whip? Ah, dear, poor old Crawley is dead, and Sam is trans— But look at that?"

We had topped a low range, and there, within twenty yards of us, was a six foot emu, peering and craning about him to see which way the danger was coming from. When he saw us he turned and fled, and ere he had gone a hundred yards I was alongside of him, touching his feathers with my thigh, and making furious efforts to swing the handle of my stockwhip round his neck, and give him a fall; but before I could do it the horse swerved round a fallen tree, letting the bird draw ahead, who getting his second wind, with his head down and his breast touching the long grass, set to work for a seven mile spin.

You have seen an old hen run across the yard when the girl begins scattering the barley. Well, imagine that hen to stand six feet in her stockings, going as fast as a good horse can gallop, and you have some sort of notion what a running emu is like.

So the bird fled on, shaking his feathers, and throwing his legs wide behind him like a good trotting horse. On through light and shadow, over hill and hollow. Now a mob of kangaroos would scatter, frightened, and now a boy of quail would whirr across under our horses' noses, but still the black flying figure held on his headlong course, as mile after mile was left behind. Willy, who had been hampered by his gun, managed to draw up alongside of me, and said,

"The bird will beat us, I am afraid. Have we any chance?"

"Yes," I said, "we will have him in time; he won't run above ten miles. He is the strongest bird I ever saw."

Over hill and gully, through forest and plain; to our left an open sea of broad prairie, to our right a mass of wood, but still the bird keeps us to the timber. Once after another we cross the great bays of the plain land running up into the forest. Yet the flying black figure is still before us, and the work begins to tell on our horses. My nag, a Romeo colt, chafes, with four white stockings, was beginning to puff strangely. Willy's horse, out of my Arabian Jeebel, by Macknight's Premier, was doing his work diligently, but did not half like the pace. I began to fear for the issue, when I found I was drawing on the bird. Yes, the aristocratic bred horse was beating the democratic bred bird, and soon I swung my whip round his neck and fumbled him. He rose up confused, and Willy cried out, "put him past me." I headed him round, and Will did what no one but a soldier could have done: he pulled his horse short up, and as the emu went by gave him a charge of shot in the breast. Down went the bird, and with the left barrel, after a few frantic kicks, he lay still forever.

We jumped off the horses, and loosened our girths. Then we went up and looked at our poor innocent quarry, lying, a noble heap of black feathers, in the long grass.

"Willy," I said, "we are a couple of murderous villains. I am sorry we killed that

bird. They are getting rarer every year. Look what a noble innocent-looking brute it is."

"With my sentimentalibus lachrymæ roar'm," he replied, "don't be a fool, Georgy. You have two canine teeth, and it is your natural instinct to hunt down everything that runs away from you. Now, where are we, and how are we to get this fellow home? I must have his skin."

"We have come a long way, and I don't rightly know where we are. When we get home I will send a couple of black fellows out with a packhorse on our tracks, and they will bring the bird home for you."

I proposed riding up to a neighboring wooded lofty knoll, to look about us. We did so, and found it was granite, lightly wooded. Among the massive blocks grew delicate wattles, and dark shadowed cypress-cherie, while a thousand parrots twittered and whistled round, and a pair of bronze-wing pigeons flapped off as we approached. We got off, leading the horses up the steep slopes of short turf that ran between the straight, smooth rock walls, and when we gained the summit, stood delighted at the noble prospect before us. As I suspected, we had reached the watershed between the Goulburn and Yarra. For at a great distance I could see the latter stream in one or two places gleaming bright above the unbroken forest which lay at our feet.

"We are fifteen miles from home, Willy," I said, "the horses are knocked up. Suppose we camp, for this very late."

"I shall be delighted," he replied, "and if we camp anywhere near here I shall skin that emu."

"Come along, then." So down we went, and he skinned his bird, which did not take him long. Then having strapped it on one of the horses, we began following the fall of the land to find water. The gully we followed got deeper and deeper as we followed it down, others joining every moment. At length, after a walk of about two miles, we came on a fine deep water-hole.

I sent Will on before to see for a pigeon, being perfectly sure there were one or two there, duly instructing him, as he was shooting for supper, not to fire flying, but to let the bird go into a tree, and there shoot him sitting. He followed my advice. A pigeon rose when he was about a dozen yards from the creek, and flew into a neighboring tree, where he was immediately slaughtered; and at the same moment a flock of ducks arose from the flags of the water-hole, after whom Willy sent a charge of shot ineffectually. "We will get them in the next water-hole," I said. "Help me to hobble the horses, and we will go after them."

We watered the horses without getting them bogged, (a very likely thing at the end of summer, when the shore of each water-hole in those parts consists of deep black mud caked on the top by the heat,) and having taken off the saddles and hobbled them with stirrup leathers, went down the creek to find another water-hole. We found one and a larger one, not fifty yards down the bed of the creek, but no ducks. However, while we were looking up got a snipe, "twot, twot," and Will laid him on his back. At the next hole, however, there were our friends the ducks, one of whom was knocked over. Then we went back to where the horses were, and lit a fire. I had some biscuits, and we each had a flask of whiskey. So with that and the pigeon and duck roasted, we got on capably.

It grew dark, and we sat beside the fire, smoking and talking pleasantly. Willy said, "My boy! I rather like this camping out. It is jolly and romantic."

"You would like it better," I said, "on a wet night with restless cattle, when you are in the saddle every ten minutes with your boots full of water. You will not be too warm either, about the small hours to-morrow morning, when the fire goes out and the ground gets cold. We have no blankets, remember. On the whole, Will, I find that the more a man camps out the less he likes it; don't I know what a noble rheumatism I shall have in my shoulders to-morrow. Give me a good warm bed against a crab-hole any day."

"What's that noise in the trees?" he inquired.

"Possums," I replied. "Do you want to shoot any? It is nearly as good fun as shooting cats on the tiles in a town, and they are nearly as worthless." But he set too and killed half a dozen of them, while I was engaged in gathering dry boughs and twigs to make a bed. It was 11 o'clock before we lay down, back to back for warmth, with our heads on the saddles.

In the cold gray dawn we both woke, miserable and freezing; but breakfast and a drop of whisky put some sort of life into us, and we caught the horses and rode homeward."

THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

A Historical Account of "the Stations."

Prepared expressly for The Record.

[CONTINUED.]

As the Indulgences are attached to the Crosses and not to the Paintings the latter can be changed without the Way of the Cross being erected a second time, if the Crosses, or at least the greater number of them, remain. It is not allowed to transfer the Crosses and the Pictures from one place to another; if this be done merely for a short time, when they are restored to their original place the Indulgences return to them. These practical rules follow from several decisions of the Sacred Congregation. The first to which we shall refer is dated 1836. The Bishop of Aire asked the Pope to answer the following through the Congregation of Indulgences: In order to paint the walls of the Church the Fourteen Crosses and the Pictures of the Way of the Cross are often taken down, and are sometimes transferred to another oratory or church, are the Blessings and the Indulgences lost? The following answer was returned on the 20th June, 1836: The Blessing and the Indulgences are not lost if only one or two Crosses are removed from the wall of the church, but if all are removed together (that they may be again placed in the same church) the faithful cannot in the meantime gain the Indulgences if they are so transferred without the faculty of the Holy See.

In 1837, the Vicar-General of Cambray inquired from the Sacred Congregation if the Indulgence of the Way of the Cross was lost when the Crosses or the Pictures are changed? The following decision respecting this point was given November 13, 1837: Since to gain the Indulgences which are attached to the Stations of the Cross it is not necessary that the Pictures should be erected, but only the Crosses. If new pictures are put up in order that the faithful may meditate on the Stations when the former ones are too old, and this be done even without the faculty of the Holy See, the Indulgence is not lost, although the Crosses, (which are necessary) should be renewed provided that the greater number of the old ones remains.

In reply to some questions that were proposed from Langres, Jan. 30, 1839, the Sacred Congregation prescribed the following regulations: 1st. The Indulgences of the Way of the Cross are not attached to the Pictures, nor to the places where the Pictures are, but to the Crosses, consequently the Crosses and not the Pictures should be blessed. 2d. If the Crosses be taken from their places and transferred to another place the Indulgences cease. 3d. If the Stations, or the Crosses of the Way of the Cross, are taken from the place where they were canonically erected to be transferred to another place, the Indulgences do not remain in the former place, nor do they accompany the Crosses, and a new erection is required. 4. If the Crosses blessed when the Stations were erected, are all lost, there must be a new erection of the Stations; if less than half of them are lost they can be replaced by others without any new benediction being made. If they be removed for some special cause with the intention of putting them up again, it is not necessary that they should be blessed or should be erected again in order to gain the Indulgences.

In 1842, the two following questions, together with several others, were submitted to the Congregation of Rites: 1. When new Pictures are substituted in place of others, is a new faculty required for blessing them and for erecting the Way of the Cross? 2. Does the changing of the position of the Pictures and the Crosses in the same church do away with the Indulgences attached to them? To these queries the following response was returned: 1st. In the negative provided the greater part of the Crosses be not changed. 2d. In the negative when this takes place in the same church.

In the year 1842, August 3, a curate of the diocese of Clermont submitted the three following questions to the Congregation of Indulgences: 1. When the Crosses, or the Pictures representing the Way of the Cross, are taken down in order to repair the church, or for some legitimate cause, for a shorter or longer period, does the Way of the Cross lose the Indulgences annexed to it? 2. Should it lose the Indulgences belonging to it is it necessary that it should be blessed again? 3. If this be requisite, should the

form be gone through as when the Way of the Cross was erected? To these the following response was given: 1st. In the negative; 2d and 3d answered in the former.

In 1844, a clergyman of the Diocese of Rouen asked the Congregation for permission to change the Stations in his church and to substitute other Pictures. To this request the Sacred Congregation replied as follows: "The Parish Priest of St. Owen, in the city of Rouen, asks permission from the Congregation of Indulgences to change the position of the Stations of the Cross in his church, and to substitute new Pictures for the old ones without any special ceremony, so that those may gain all the Indulgences." From several decrees of this Congregation it appears that a faculty is not required for changing the position of the Stations or of the Crosses, provided this be done in the same church; nor is it necessary for the purpose of substituting new Pictures provided that the Crosses are the same, or at least that the greater number of them have not been changed, as no new blessing or erection of the Stations is required in this case. On March 14, 1845, in reply to certain questions proposed from the Diocese of Quebec, it was stated that the Crosses blessed for the Way of the Cross can be removed from the position in which they were first placed in order to arrange them better, or to repair the church, without losing the Indulgences.

The instructions of the 3d of April, 1731, which have been already mentioned, recommend that a visit should be made to each of the Stations. One of these requires that the Stations should be visited one after the other, if there be nothing to prevent this. Hence it is prohibited to make the Stations of the Cross during the offices of the Church. In 1841, a capuchin of the Swiss province consulted the Congregation of Indulgences to know if the faithful could gain the Indulgences of the Way of the Cross without changing their position in the church, and without leaving the place which they first occupied. The following is the question that was proposed and the answer returned to it: "Most Holy Father: Brother Sigismund, a priest and a preacher of the Capuchin Order, belonging to the Swiss province, humbly supplicates a reply to the following question: Benedict XIV, in his instructions dated May 10, 1842, respecting the Way of the Cross, states 'that when the Way of the Cross is erected in a church, all persons should abstain from performing this holy exercise during the time of mass or of the divine office, and also when there is a crowd of persons in the church, as it may cause some disturbance, for every one is required to visit the Stations one by one, when there is no impediment.' As some doubt has arisen respecting the meaning of that last clause, the following question is proposed: Can the faithful, if the church be crowded and filled with persons, gain the Indulgence of the Way of the Cross without changing their position from place to place, following the Stations of the Cross?" To this the Congregation of Indulgences replied as follows: They cannot gain the Indulgences without changing their position, for all the decrees of the Sacred Congregation and of the Popes affirm that among other conditions required for gaining the Indulgences attached to the Way of the Cross, it is necessary to change a person's position. This the Sacred Congregation declared in a decree dated September 30, 1837: "All must pass from one Station to another, as far as the number of persons who visit the Stations, or the narrowness of the place will allow them to do so."

TO BE CONTINUED.

NATURAL BOOTS.—Natural boots, having the leg and foot all of one piece, are thus made in Peru: "Take a horse, cut off his hind legs considerably above the hocks; pull the skin down over his hocks, as if you were pulling off a stocking; when off, scrape the hair from the skin with a sharp knife, and remove every particle of flesh that may have adhered to the inside; hang the skins to dry, and, in the process of drying, draw them two or three times on your legs, that they may take their shape, form and figure. The upper part (about twelve inches above the hock) becomes the mouth of the boot; the round projecting part of the heel; the foot terminates at the fetlock joint, where it is cut to the required length." These boots are called *betas de pelo*; and, we are assured, are very light, and as easy as a glove.

held, whose intention was to rouse Como to revolt.

A brilliant exploit had been performed at Vercelli by an Austrian squadron of lancers. Austria had issued instructions to prepare for the defence of the Tyrol. It is stated that 30,000 Austrians were about to be concentrated in Voralberg.

SWITZERLAND.

It is reported from Lugano that General Garibaldi, with his 5,000 men, has barricaded himself in the town of Varese, but is without cannon. The Austrians posted in the neighborhood of Varese are on the other side provided with artillery, and a fight has commenced.

Bontemps, the Swiss general, is going to-day to Lugano, with the staff of his division, and all the troops under his command are to follow him.

It was reported, via Switzerland, that all the Austrian detachments on the Sago Maggiore had withdrawn.

NAPLES.

DEATH OF KING FERDINAND.

The King of Naples was dead, and Francis the Second had assumed the reins of government. England and France are about to send representatives to Naples.

WAR MISCELLANY.

THEMS AND INCIDENTS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

WIT OF THE ZOUAVES.—A day or two ago the Zouaves of the Guard embarked, full of the fun and frolic which is the characteristic of that corps. They scrambled up the side of the vessel as though they were mounting to an assault, and those who were the first to jump on deck cried out to the others, "Now, Messieurs les voyageurs, take your places for Austria."

SUPERIORITY OF FRENCH ARMIES.—As a proof of the superiority of the rifles used by the French, The Pays states, on the authority of an officer just arrived from the theatre of war, that two battalions of foot chasseurs (one Austrian, the other French), seeing each other on the two banks of the Po, immediately, although at a great distance, exchanged a few discharges, and that the balls of the Austrians fell short, while those of the French told with such deadly effect that the Austrians quickly dispersed, leaving twenty of their men on the field.

WAITING FOR SIX OF THEM.—The following incident gives some little notion of the warlike ideas inspired by the fever of the moment. There are at the back of La Joliette, dozens of estaminets, wine shops and eating houses, generally frequented by the sailors, but the military have for the moment completely expelled the blue jackets. The proprietor of one of these gastronomic establishments ornamented his sign board with a new sketch, representing a chasseur of Vincennes sitting quietly on a bank smoking his pipe, with his rifle lying on the ground beside him; in front of him, and at a short distance, are two Austrian grenadiers with their muskets on their charges, and between whom and the Frenchman the following short colloquy is supposed to take place: "Well, my little Frenchman, will you not attack us?" "No, I am waiting until there are six of you." This warlike and attractive sign has had its effect, for all the soldiers make it a point of honor to give that house a preference.

MAZZINI DON'T BELIEVE NAPOLEON IS SINCERE IN HIS DESIRE FOR ITALIAN NATIONALITY.—The *Pensiero di Azione* (M. Mazzini's paper) being suspended in consequence of the outbreak of the war, the editor addresses to his readers a farewell article, in which the following passages occur: "Italy craves for national unity. Louis Napoleon can have no such object in view. He covets, besides Nice and Savoy, which Piedmont has already conceded to him as the price of his alliance, to obtain also an opportunity for the erection of a throne in the south, wherewith to place Murat, and a throne in central Italy for his cousin. Rome, and a portion of the Roman States, are to remain as the temporal dominions of the Pope. Italy would be divided into four estates. Two would be governed directly by the foreigner; indirectly, France would have all Italy—by the Pope being a French dependent since 1849; and the Sardinian King becoming, by the obligation of gratitude and inferiority of forces, the vassal of the French empire." In the same article Mazzini warns the world of the plans Russia meditates against Turkey and Hungary, and declares his opinion that the two Czars, "though opposed to each other in heart, have united for the purpose of suffocating the aspirations to liberty and of imperializing entire Europe."

NAPOLEON'S DESIRE FOR MILITARY FAME.—Another of the Emperor's stimulants to war was (says a French officer) a desire of military renown, as a means of consolidating his throne and his dynasty. "He has already

shown himself a most able politician and statesman—let him prove himself also a great commander, and his position is secure in France. If, on the other hand, he should fail—if disasters instead of triumphs await him, *adieu!*" said the speaker, with a significant shrug, "it will be very unfortunate for him."

CONDUCT OF THE AUSTRIAN ARMY—FEELING OF THE PIEMONTESE TOWARDS THE SOLDIERS.

At the Austrian headquarters at Mortara, we are told that discipline is so rigidly maintained in the Austrian army that General Benedek had two men shot for stealing property worth only a few francs. We are also told that the population of Piedmont regard the Austrians as liberators, welcome them with open arms, and that nothing would be easier than to raise the population with which they have come into contact, against the Sardinian Government.

In letters from Mortara, it is asserted that the orders to treat the inhabitants well are peremptory, and that they are obeyed willingly. Indeed, the conduct of the natives is such as to secure good treatment even from a less good-natured fellow than the Austrian soldier certainly is.

THE PIEMONTESE OPPOSED TO THE WAR, AND IN FAVOR OF THE AUSTRIANS.—One thing I must relate now (says The London Times' correspondent, writing from Piedmont), to prove to you how little the Piedmontese people like this war. When the Austrians arrived at a certain town, which I must not name, the inhabitants reproached them much for not coming a fortnight sooner. Expecting them, they said, they had made every excuse to delay providing their quota of the reserve of the army, and had the Austrians arrived they might have escaped sending it at all. By the way, the Piedmontese have carried off nearly all the horses and provisions from this part of the country. At Stroppiana, they even carried off the women to work at Casale. The Austrians sent provisions for the starving inhabitants left there.

FURTHER TESTIMONY ON THE SIDE OF THE AUSTRIANS.—I have myself been only three days in Piedmont on this occasion (says the correspondent) but I have already ridden one hundred and forty miles, and stopped at nearly every village, and to an Englishman the natives would not conceal their feelings. I can assure you that their anger is all against their own government, not for this war merely, but for the whole policy of over-taxation, with such taxes as our exploded window tax and a tax on carriages, for the purpose of keeping up an army beyond the wants of the country. I speak of the peasantry. The burghers and lawyers may think differently.

Obituary.

FERDINAND II. OF NAPLES, KING OF THE TWO SICILIES AND OF JERUSALEM.

By the City of Washington Intelligence has been received of the death of the King of Naples, after a painful and lingering illness, and the accession of his eldest son, Francis the Second. The deceased King was born in January, 1810, succeeded his father, Francis the First, in November, 1830, married his first wife, Maria Christina, daughter of Victor Emanuel of Sardinia, the predecessor of Charles Albert, and uncle of the present King, in 1832, and his second wife, Maria Theresa, daughter of the late Archduke, Charles of Austria, who survives him, in 1837. He leaves eleven children, six sons and five daughters, his eldest son and successor, Francis, being the issue of the first marriage, and consequently connected by ties of consanguinity with the House of Savoy.

No sovereign in modern days has had such an amount of vituperation lavished on him as Ferdinand of Naples; his name has been a synonyme for cruelty and perjury, and yet any one who looks back to 1848 will find much to convince them that the King acted in good faith throughout that trying time. When the revolutionary spirit exhibited itself in Naples in 1848, the King, with a foresight that in another sovereign would have been lauded as political sagacity, but in him was only a proof of refined craft, offered his subjects a political constitution, and swore to observe it in February of the same year. By this act he disarmed the revolutionists, and following up his plan of reform he gave liberty to the press, called into his Cabinet men of enlarged views and liberal ideas, and organized a National Guard. That the Constitution was ultimately suspended is to be attributed to the revolutionists and not to the King, who throughout showed a disposition to adhere to it, and who made many important concessions to the radical party; but ineffectually, for in May an insurrection broke out in Naples, which was soon quelled, and afterwards in Calabria, with the same result. In this struggle with his revolutionary subjects the King bombarded the city, and

hence the nick-name, *bombardatore* or Bomba, by which he was commonly designated. The General Central Committee of Italy issued, in December, 1848, the following execrable address:

Considering that political homicide is no crime, and still less when its object is to get rid of an enemy possessed of powerful resources, and who can render, to a certain extent, possible the emancipation of a great and generous people; and considering that Ferdinand of Naples is the principal obstacle to the independence and liberty of the Italian people, the following resolution is adopted, for publication, by all possible means, in the kingdom of Naples: A reward of 100,000 ducats (about \$30,000) is offered to him or them that will deliver Italy from the above-named tyrant; and as there is at present in the treasury of the committee but 60,000 ducats disposable for that purpose, the remaining 40,000 will be raised by subscription.

Another was addressed to the Neapolitan army, animated by the same spirit, and calling on them to atone for their past offenses against liberty by assassinating the tyrant. It would be natural that an exasperated monarch would retaliate, and that rebels and deserters would be summarily executed when they fell into his hands. But such was not the case—no life was lost, no blood was shed, save on the battle-field, throughout the entire reign of King Ferdinand not one political execution took place. We have heard a great deal of the dungeons of Naples, particularly in connection with the case of Paerio, but our readers will remember the letter of Mr. Bowyer, an English member of Parliament, on this subject, which we published at the time. The plan followed when dealing with Ferdinand of Naples has invariably been similar to that so successfully adopted by the Quaker towards his troublesome dog, "I will not kill thee, nor injure thee, but I will give thee a bad name," said he. "Mad dog," shouted the Quaker, and the animal was hunted down, no one pausing to inquire into the fact, but all joining in the "cry." Cardinal Wiseman, writing in The Dublin Review, thus speaks of Ferdinand:

But we must be permitted to say a few words on the personal character of his monarch. No Catholic, whether his political opinion or bias may be, can have failed to admire, without drawback, his conduct towards the present Pontiff, when he sought refuge at Gaeta. In generosity, his royal magnificence, such as quenching the thirst of a distressed sovereign; in filial duty, deference and reverence as to the Head of the Church; more still in the most difficult point of all, in the delicacy of behavior, such as quenching every feeling of subjection, yet cherished the happy relations of host and guest, it would be impossible to find a flaw in the conduct and manner of this calumniated Prince. We, at least, are bound to feel grateful to him for his character. But surely, further, we are not bound to believe him to be the sort of monster that he is represented to us. A religious, sincerely believing Christian monarch, who so richly condoned political and moral crimes, is hardly the sort of monster that he is said to be. If Ferdinand of Naples had been a debauchee, a man of scandalous life, a libertine in his own palace and family, if a single imputation of immorality could have extruded him or his character, or even insinuated against him, does any imagine that he would not have been long since held up to the execration of this most moral and religious land? And yet, no! We doubt if any sovereign in Europe, except perhaps the Pope, exposes his life more openly and more continuously than he. Every Tuesday he gives audience to every military man, and every day, from the general to the private, without exception. No permission or previous announcement is requisite. A secretary or aide-de-camp inquires from each of his officers the number of applicants in his turn, and the number of applicants exceeds the measure of the time, when the more urgent are admitted, and the rest desired to return the following Tuesday. Every subject, from the highest to the lowest, and of people, of all ranks, if the king be there; otherwise he gives audience in his palace. The poorest man or aged woman is permitted to approach the king, and speak with him face to face. On each of these days King Ferdinand sees from fifty to two hundred persons, not passing before him in embroidered coats and fictitious pigtail, to kiss his hand, but in a homely garb, earnestly telling him their grievances, or pleading their necessities. This is, of course, very unconstitutional, and a great bore for a sovereign.

There is another fact, which probably was mentioned, though not in a way that connectedly provided habitual impressions, that ought not to be omitted. When Vesuvius committed such disastrous and terrible ravages, on its last great eruption, Ferdinand did not merely head a subscription for his suffering subjects. He drove his own carriage to the spot, through dense crowds of terrified inhabitants, who poured benedictions on him, and soothed the agonizing and agonized for their wants, and superintending operations necessary to check the destructive element. If it was great, and deserved glory for the Emperor of France to have saved the State from the hands of the King of Rome, it is not less to the King of Naples to have anticipated this conduct. "We have passed through fire and water," they may say together; but certainly one of the two emperors presents more errors than the other; and who he encountered it has at least his right to a fair share of the common praise.

He did much for material improvement, commencing and carrying through public works that would do credit to any country, extending railroads, erecting arsenals and dockyards, deepening harbors and removing bars. The Cagliari case, which is too recent to have been forgotten by our readers, led to

the rupture of diplomatic relations between Naples and France, England and Sardinia. It is the intention of France and England to resume diplomatic relations with the young king. It is anticipated that Francis II. will have to struggle against the machinations of his step-mother, who is said to have exerted all her influence with the dying monarch to procure the throne for her eldest son. That she was unsuccessful is creditable alike to the firmness and justice of the dead King.

Confirmations in the Diocese of New York.

At the request of the Most Rev. Archbishop, the Bishop of Puebla administered the sacrament of confirmation in the following places:

On Tuesday, the 31st ult., at the Chapel of the Ursuline Convent, East Morrisania, he administered the sacrament of confirmation to sixteen pupils of the Academy. Very Rev. Mr. Starrs, V. G., addressed the children in appropriate language, explaining the nature and effects of the Sacrament, and exhorting them to be faithful to the duties of religion during life. On Thursday, the 2d inst., the Festival of the Ascension of our Lord, he confirmed about one hundred and fifty persons at the Church of the Annunciation, Manhattanville, and on Sunday, the 6th inst., he confirmed fifty persons at the Church of St. Anthony of Padua, Canal street.

MILITARY MATTERS.—We would feel obliged to our military friends for items of news, such as elections, promotions, parades, &c., which occur in the several corps, and which will be noticed in this column as far as practicable.

Captain Price's company of the Seventh regiment celebrated the eleventh anniversary of his command by a parade and a dinner at the Metropolitan Hotel on Monday, the 80th ult., turning out about eighty muskets.

We are informed that the Hon. William Smith O'Brien, having been elected an honorary member of Captain Codrington's company in the Sixty-ninth, accepted the compliment while in this city. This company has now on its roll of honorary members several distinguished gentlemen.

The drum corps of the Fifth, having accepted the challenge of the "famous" corps of the Seventy-first, the trial comes off at the City Arsenal on the evening of Thursday, the 16th instant, at 8 P. M. Admission only by ticket.

The members of the Twelfth still have hopes of prolonging their existence as a regiment in the First Division; if not in the same position, they expect to organize under another figure, with Colonel Cook as command. They seem determined never to parade as a part of the Tenth.

The Eleventh regiment will parade on Wednesday, the 15th inst., at Hamilton Square, for a field day. This will be their first parade in their new uniform, which they have lately adopted. They are recruiting rapidly, and will parade a goodly number by next inspection.

There is an effort being made to organize a regiment to be called the "National Greens," under G. D. Dowling as Colonel, and their application for a charter will be presented to the Commander-in-Chief next month. There was such an application made to Governor King, which, for reasons known to himself, he refused to grant, and the chances are that this will fare as bad.

The Milwaukee Light Guard will arrive in this city (Saturday) morning, by the Albany boat, and will be received by Captain Cole's Company of the Seventy-first. They will attend at Grace Church on Sunday.

A new company is organizing to take letter I in the Seventy-first, and to be under command of Captain S. A. Bunce.

The Highwood Guard, of Hoboken, is said to have thrown down the gauntlet to any company of the Seventy-first for a drill—Doubtful.

The Thirtieth regiment, of Brooklyn, will parade on next Monday, and crossing over to New York will march up Broadway to Fourteenth street. They will arrive here about 5 P. M.

The site of Camp Washington has lately come into great favor as a parade ground, five or six companies having already expressed their intention of going there for drill during this and the coming month.

It is said that there will be no parade of the Fourth Brigade until July 4.

It is also stated that an Engineer corps is forming to be attached to the Sixty-ninth regiment.

The National Greens, if chartered, will endeavor to enter the Fourth Brigade, under Gen. Ewen, as a Rifle regiment.

The annual examination of the Cadets at West Point is now progressing from 9 A. M. until 3 P. M.

Advertisement.

GARDENING FOR LADIES.—Make up your bed early in the morning; set buttons on your husbands' shirts; do not make up any grievances; protect the young and tender branches of your family; plant a smile of good temper in your face; carefully rest out all angry feelings; permeate your husbands to buy their Hats and Caps of KNOX, No. 212 Broadway, north-east corner of Fulton st.

METROPOLITAN RECORD.

JOHN MULLALLY.....Editor and Proprietor.

It will be the object of this Journal to supply the Catholic portion of the community with an important and interesting news of the Catholic world, and particularly with information in regard to events and occurrences connected with the Church in the United States.

It is designed to make *The Record* a good and desirable family journal, and it will, therefore, contain a great variety of useful, interesting, and instructive reading matter. Its readers will also be duly informed of the progress of events in the secular as well as the religious world.

The progress of Catholic Educational Institutions will meet with that attention to which they are entitled by their importance. Church Dedications occurring in and about the city of New York, will be fully and accurately reported.

Due care and attention will be given to the Literary Department, and new publications reviewed or noticed, as their character and pretensions may deserve.

Each number will contain one or two stories; and it will be the design of the Editor to write his selections reading both entertaining and instructive.

The editorial columns will be devoted to a discussion of the prominent topics of the day, and all other subjects that properly come within the scope of such a journal. No part will be taken in political controversy, nor in the disputes between partisan politicians.

The business department will be carried on with that strict attention to all its details, without which no paper can expect to succeed, no matter how liberally supported, or how ably conducted; and all the business transactions of the establishment will be conducted on a cash basis.

In conclusion, the Editor refers with pride and pleasure to the following letter of approval from the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3, 1858.

"DEAR SIR: I have read carefully your plan of a Catholic paper, and approve of the same in all its parts. Its scope is new and comprehensive, and will fill up a chasm without necessarily interfering with other papers already established. You have my sanction to proceed with as little delay as possible, and you shall have my approbation and support.

"Yours, faithfully, in Christ,

JOHN, Archbishop of New York."

This Journal will be published weekly at No. 371 Broadway, and delivered to city and mail subscribers on the following terms:

Price per year served by carrier.....\$3 00
Price per year served by mail.....2 50
Price per copy, for six copies or more.....2 00
To Canadian subscribers *The Record* will be served for \$3 per year; and there is an advance of fifty cents in the postage; while to subscribers in Ireland it will be \$2 50, for the same reason.

The advertising rates are as follows:
To transient advertisers.....12 1/2 cents per line.
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No paper will be sent till the receipt of the subscription.

All orders sent to the Publication Office, No. 371 Broadway, will be promptly attended to.

ED. DUNIGAN & BRO.,

(JAMES B. KIRKEE), Publisher.

NEW YORK, JUNE 11, 1859.

FIRST BATTLE OF THE WAR IN ITALY --AN ENGAGEMENT AT MONTEBELLO, AND REPORTED VICTORY OF FRANCE AND SARDINIA-- ALARM OF THE NEUTRAL POWERS, AND DANGER OF A EUROPEAN COALITION AGAINST NAPOLEON.

The steamship City of Washington, which left Liverpool on the 25th, and Queenstown (Ireland) on the 26th of May, bound for New York, was off Cape Race last Thursday evening, the 2d inst., where she delivered to the agents of the New York press European news dated to the day of departure. Our advices have been telegraphed from St. John's, Newfoundland. Those from the seat of war in Italy, as well as from all the capital cities of the Old World, are of very great importance.

The first engagement of any moment between the Austrian troops and the allied armies of France and Sardinia, took place at Montebello on the 21st of May; the skirmishes at Frassinetto, already reported in *The Record*, having been mere affairs between outlying sentinels. Indeed, the battle at Montebello, so far as we know at present, was only a trial of strength between men still doing duty on advanced posts, but in greater numbers, and fighting with the desire of obtaining the unenviable *colat* of having shed the greatest amount of blood in the initiatory contest of a desolating campaign. Reports of the battle of Montebello are given by both French and Austrians. According to the former, Gen. Stadion, one of the most experienced and skillful officers under Francis Joseph, took fifteen thousand men and attacked the advanced lines of Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers of France, but the Austrians were repulsed by the French division of the Army of the Alps commanded by General Forey. This was effected after

a fierce fight, which lasted four hours. The same (French) bulletins say that the Austrians lost over fifteen hundred men, and that the French had from six to seven hundred placed *hors du combat*, among which was a large number of officers. Two hundred Austrians were, it is said, taken prisoners, among whom was one colonel of the line.

The Austrian account states that Gen. Stadion pushed forward a reconnaissance by a forced march towards Ligis and Montebello, but after a hot fight with a French force of superior strength, *retreated behind the Po* in perfect order. The actual strength of the French is not stated, but it is said that they numbered from six thousand to seven thousand, besides a regiment of Sardinian cavalry.

It is well known that whenever engaged in a great war, the French people--both civilians and military--actually feed on the news from the battle fields, and that victory, continuous and uninterrupted, constitutes the very life guarantee of their generals and rulers, whilst defeat is a crime, to be punished by the deposition from command, if not the death, of the former, as well as the overthrow of the throne and probable exile of the latter. We cannot, therefore, rely with great confidence on their accounts, either of the battle of Montebello, or of any other fight which may ensue during the present war. This is very evident from the fact that they fail to tell us the exact position of Baraguay d'Hilliers when attacked, or the reason why Forey's division had to advance to his support.

Taking a calm American view of the affair, at a happy distance from the scene of strife, it appears that up to the 19th or 20th of May Austria still observed her defensive attitude, and the headquarters of her army had been removed from Mortara to Garlasco, where it was expected that the Emperor Francis Joseph would assume the chief command and commence to develop his plan of tactics. His Majesty had left Vienna for this purpose, and, anticipating, perhaps, his orders, General Stadion attacked the lines of Marshal d'Hilliers, which had been advanced from towards Alessandria, the headquarters of Napoleon, in force to the banks of the Po. We can plainly see that in this engagement the command of Marshal d'Hilliers was driven in and his positions forced before he called Gen. Forey to his aid. Thus far we are uninformed as to the exact nature of the works undertaken by d'Hilliers, but judging from the extraordinary attention which has been paid to the organization of the engineer department of the Austrian army, and the consequent efficiency of that branch of their service, there is little doubt but Gen. Stadion has done damage to some important military works of the French. The loss of a large proportion of French officers may be accounted for on the supposition that fighting almost under the eye of Napoleon--Montebello is only twenty-five miles distant from Alessandria--they engaged with all the fury of their national impetuosity and valor stimulated by the hope of gaining those military distinctions and promotions which are so dear to Frenchmen; or perhaps we may hear on the other hand that rushing on they encountered an Austrian fire of small arms, the perfect precision of which they had either never heard of, or entirely ignored in their great military vanity.

If the Austrian army retired, as alleged, across the Po, leaving their headquarters at Garlasco, it remains to be seen whether the French, flushed with the first success, will attempt to pursue them, and thus engage them on their own proper territory. It is not unlikely that this may happen. Napoleon, in his endeavors to re-produce, as nearly as possible, with the display of

a panorama, the fights of his uncle on the very same days and at the very same places, puts great stress on the effect of victories, diplomatic or military, gained at such epochs; and as Marshal Lannes, serving Napoleon the First, won a battle at Montebello over the Austrians in the year 1800, there is no doubt but the recent one, if really a triumph, has been very pleasing to him, and will tell so well for his popularity with the army that such a movement may be undertaken.

Historians will recollect that the despatches from Marshal Lannes on that day stated that eight thousand French routed fifteen or sixteen thousand Austrians, and that the "bones of the Austrians were heard to crunch and break under the fierce assault of our troops." The Great Napoleon fell, however, afterwards.

Whether Napoleon the Third may be so terribly destructive remains to be seen. He has, however, a formidable engine to aid him in the revolutionary organization of over twenty thousand men, led on by Garibaldi, Chialdini and other commanders, in the continental turmoil movement of 1848, whose exile was ensured chiefly by his own means. Victor Emanuel, of Sardinia, having lately permitted the return of these revolutionary leaders, they have been allowed to recruit forces drilled by his officers, and will now be supplied with cannons, Minie rifles, money and other materials of war from the French chests. Pursuant to the new league, we are told that Sardinian soldiers, under Chialdini, have forced the passage of the Sesia and that Garibaldi has entered Gravelona, on the Lombard side of Lake Maggiore, with the intent of exciting a revolution amongst the people and diffusing the same spirit, for purposes of support, if possible, amongst the people of the adjoining Swiss territory. It is expected by the French Emperor that this guerilla band will amount to many thousands, and we see by our London exchanges that the body has, perhaps appropriately, appointed the apostate Gavazzi as Chaplain-General of the force.

All these circumstances had tended to spread a very general alarm over Europe. The war preparations of England have been highly successful, and there is no doubt but her armed neutrality will be very powerful, and her action, if forced to engage in hostilities, very effective. In a very few weeks she had obtained from twenty-five to thirty thousand additional seamen for her navy. These men were taken directly from the decks of her merchant ships, and yet such was the gravity of the crisis, the traders did not complain, but freely permitted the men to take the advanced bounty offered by Government. The channel fleet was in great strength and efficiency; coast defences were being repaired at every home point, and even the works at Gibraltar were strengthened. Rifle and other militia corps were springing up as if by magic; and the ordnance foundries were in such a state as to turn out over two hundred cannons every week, if desired. All charters of British vessels to the French Government for purposes of war have been forbidden, for it has transpired that English shipowners have been warned upon the authority of the highest legal officers of the Crown that all charters of ships to the French Government as "transports" or "storeships," are in contravention of the 59th of George III, cap. 69, and if attempted to be carried out will involve confiscation of ship, and prosecution and imprisonment for misdemeanor, on information being given of the existence of any such contract. This decision applies equally to vessels chartered before or subsequently to the issue of the recent proclamation of Queen Victoria. Perhaps at no period of her previous history was Great

Britain so powerful as in her present adherence to this line of moral neutrality. The mass of the people evidently approve of it, and are very likely to support Lord Derby on this account alone, notwithstanding his high conservative principles.

There is little doubt but that England's efforts for peace were sincere. The Emperor Francis Joseph, in considering the latest proposition of Lord Derby, did not advance his troops over the Ticino river, as said, on the 26th of April, but waited to the 29th of that month, by which means the French got to Genoa, while the Austrians were met by the swollen rivers. Had they marched on the 26th of April, as first intended, they would have a free road to Turin, and perhaps have crushed out the Sardinians before they had the aid of Napoleon.

Prussia still maintained her vigilant observance of her own interests as a kingdom, as well as her careful guardianship of the varied rights of the States of the German Confederation. All petty differences were forgotten in the dread of revolutionary anarchy, and we find that England, through the organ of the Premier in London, came forward to advise the Prince Regent to endeavor to abate the war zeal of his people.

An attempt had been made by some political refugees from Italy to violate the neutrality of Switzerland, where they had found an asylum, by organizing troops destined for the purpose of creating a rebellion against Austria in Lombardy. The Swiss Government, jealous of its good name in Europe, acted very energetically, and suppressed the movement by military force. The Federal Diet had also prohibited the exportation of arms and the collection of war materials on the Italian frontiers by the so-called patriots.

The siege of Ancona in the Papal States, had been raised, and the temporal rights of the Holy Father were, it was said, to be respected by all parties.

Notwithstanding the daily issue of numbers of false reports concerning the progress and complications of the struggle, both in a military and diplomatic point of view, there is little doubt but that the Emperor Napoleon the Third has placed himself in a most dangerous position by pandering to the unquiet ambition of the King of Sardinia, urged on by the morbid desire for ephemeral notoriety which animates Cavour. It appears as if the sound of another European coalition against the dynasty and family of Napoleon had already been heard in Europe, and it is evident that the great Powers--alarmed for the tenure of royal crowns and the faith and sanctity of treaty rights--would be anxious to see the hero of the *coup d'etat* of Paris, now the ally of the wildest revolutionists, shaken from his newly-acquired throne. The war is not, speaking of the entire people, popular in France, as the dearest ties of family and friendship are daily severed in order to fill up the ranks of the army, and the farmers already grumble at the advanced cost in the price of labor-wages, owing to the want of a sufficient number of hands. It is, however, alleged that the great success of the new French loan, in which the people have invested about five hundred millions of francs, is evidence of the favor with which the Emperor's course of policy is received. This is true in some measure, but the inference from the fact should be taken with some qualification. It is well known that the inhabitants of Paris, of every class, sex, and age, from boyhood to the most advanced years, are more or less imbued with the spirit of speculating in stocks, and risk the smallest and greatest sums daily in government funds and other sources offering a probably profitable dividend. Napoleon has taken advantage of this feeling in

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

CONFIRMATION IN BARDSTOWN.—A correspondent of The Louisville Guardian writing from Bardstown, under date of May 23, gives the following information: "According to appointment, the Right Rev. Bishop of Louisville administered the Holy Sacrament of Confirmation, at St. Joseph's Church, Bardstown, to eighty-six persons, on Sunday last. Of these, twenty-four were students of the college, five of whom were converts to the Catholic faith; thirteen boys belonging to the preparatory department, and twenty-four girls of the Sisters' School. The rest, twenty-five in number, were members of the congregation, of whom some were converts. It was a pleasing sight to behold the serenity with which these youthful Christians presented themselves to receive the gifts of the Holy Spirit, in order to prepare for future battles against their spiritual enemies. The instructions given by the Bishop before and after the administration of the Holy Sacrament, were marked with the serious impressiveness and sweet unction so peculiar to our worthy Prelate.

During the High Mass which followed, the Bishop delivered a sermon on the day, in which dogma was happily interspersed with moral and practical reflections. It would be needless to say that the discourse was truly beautiful and highly pleasing to the congregation, for all those who have heard Bishop Spalding know that any effort of his is sure to be crowned with success.

CHURCH DESTROYED BY FIRE IN LYNN, MASS.—From the letter of a correspondent writing to The Boston Pilot from Lynn, Mass., May 29, we learn that the Church of the Blessed Virgin in that town was completely destroyed by fire. Between 11 and 12 o'clock last night, says the writer, fire was discovered in St. Mary's Chapel, at the rear; but it seemed to be trifling, and it was hoped it would be soon extinguished and the temple of God preserved, but owing to the want of ladders of sufficient length, the firemen could not use the hose upon the interior of the church, near the altar, and the sanctuary was soon a prey to the flames, which speedily communicated to the other parts of the building, and, conquering every effort to arrest their progress, quickly enveloped the entire structure in one devouring sheet of fire.

Two boys are under arrest for robbing a shoemaker's store while the fire was burning, and from some remarks of theirs which were overheard, it is conjectured that they fired the building in order to be left free to effect the robbery, unwatched by the police; but as a legal inquiry will be made into the origin of the conflagration, it is useless to circulate any rumors on the subject.

The zealous Pastor was hearing confessions until quite a late hour in the basement of the chapel, and had not retired to rest when the calamity occurred. I was in the building at nine o'clock, and quite a number of persons then remained unhealed.

I learn that the building is insured for six or seven thousand dollars. Every Catholic church throughout the United States, and especially the New England States, ought to be fully insured; this is the best means we possess to preserve our property from sectarian intolerance and infatuation.

A NEW CHURCH IN NODAWAY COUNTY, MO.—A respected correspondent (says The Herald and Visitor of the 4th inst.) informs us that it is in contemplation to build a new Catholic Church in the town of Maryville, Nodaway County, Mo., and that the corner stone will be laid about the 1st of July. We hope soon to chronicle its dedication.

APPOINTMENT.—Rev. J. P. O'Shaughnessy, Pastor of St. John's, Pittston (says the same paper), has been appointed Pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Mauch Chunk.

A PRIEST IN THE WEST TO PRIESTS IN THE EAST.—My object at present is to address myself particularly to the good and zealous Priests of the East, than whom a better body of men, I believe, does not exist. It is true, the number of priests in large Eastern cities are few enough for their laborious duties, but there are certainly places in the country where fewer priests would suffice to do the duty. Take, for example, the Diocese of New Jersey, where I myself have labored on the Mission for the last five and a half years. Five or six hundred individuals are considered quite a large congregation there, and some priests, whose greatest delight would be to labor for the salvation of souls, have not more than half of this number under their pastoral charge. I know several such Missions quite new to each other, and which could, consequently, be very conveniently attended by half of the number of good priests whose precious time is now, I might say, almost

him, and pointed out to him the very serious punishment to which he made himself liable by his dissent. Larsson was unmoved in his religious belief, so he was immediately sent to the military prison, kept there for some weeks, and on the 10th of May brought to trial before a court martial on charges of disobedience of orders and a violation of the army regulations in not attending at church. His refusal was sworn to by an ensign and sergeant of the company to which he belonged, and in addition to this a certificate was handed to the court, signed by a Lutheran clergyman, who said

"that notwithstanding repeated warnings given to him, Larsson had become an apostate from the Lutheran religion, and made himself an Ana-Baptist."

In his defence the man pleaded liberty of conscience. He did not deny that he had refused to go to church, but said that he did so in consequence of having changed his religion; the law of God, he said, should be obeyed, and the neglect of it was punished more severely than the breach of military rules; he was, therefore, ready for punishment. The public prosecutor demanded sentence on the man, when, shamed perhaps by his energy, some one asserted that he was partially crazy from drink. The man affirmed that he was perfectly sane, and was never given to the use of strong drink. Sentence was, however, deferred by the court, owing, in some measure, to the excitement produced in military circles, until after Larsson had been examined by a medical board. The certificate of the clergyman distinctly proves that the man had long reasoned on the subject, else why the "repeated warnings" spoken of.

Every one must see that Sweden, the focus of Protestantism, permits no free interpretation of the Bible in her territory. Indeed, we have the testimony of an American missionary, given at our late religious anniversaries, to the effect that the Government there does not allow the circulation of any edition of the sacred book, but that sanctioned by its own imprimatur.

As the great Bonaparte was the instrument in giving the present royal dynasty to Sweden, in the person of the father of Bernadotte, it is to be hoped that the state of religious bondage in which her people are now kept will engage the reformatory attentions of Napoleon the Third and the King of Sardinia, and that they will endeavor to procure for such near neighbors a free circulation of the Sacred Scriptures, and for the Catholic clergy and their flocks an extinction of the odious penal laws which are directed against their religion by the Lutheran Church, sanctioned by King Oscar.

HOW WE REGARD CRIME AT HOME AND AT A DISTANCE.

Three murders in one day is enough one would think to startle us out of our propriety, but crimes of this and of a more demoralizing character are perpetrated every week in our city without attracting more than a passing notice. And yet we are shocked in all our sensibilities when we read of the imprisonment of a number of disturbers of the public peace in Naples, or of the transportation of Socialists and Red Republicans from France. Living in a city that is notoriously one of the worst governed in the world, whose police are accused of being leagued with thieves, and burglars, and others of a kindred character, the majority of whose public officials are said to be utterly corrupt and dishonest,—in a city where there appears to be less protection for life and property than in any other in Christendom, we are struck with horror when we read of the alleged cruel treatment of a Poerio and his band of so-called compatriots.

It is about time that we directed our at-

tention to those evils which concern ourselves more nearly, and that we set to work to remedy those grievances of which we have so long complained, and which we venture to say none of the European Governments would tolerate as long as we have done. Here we have a Public School system which is said to be the best that was ever devised, and which we are never tired boasting about; here, too, we have the power in our hands of redressing our wrongs; and here, in the face of all this, we have more cases of murder in proportion to our population than occur perhaps among the same number of inhabitants in any other Christian nation in the world. How is this, and to what fearful result is all this tending? Is it a fact that the nation is so rapidly becoming demoralized that this abhorrence of the crime committed in other countries is but a pharisaical assumption of virtue among ourselves?

We learn from the criminal records of the State of New York for the past year that the number of convictions for that period was 1,712, of which 614 must be put down to the account of our own city. But who can tell what proportion this bears to the amount of crime which has never been brought before the Courts, which remains unconvicted from year to year, and which is committed with perfect impunity in our midst. What amount of benefit do our people receive in return for the heavy taxation to which they are subjected? What security have they against the inroads of that political corruption against which our daily papers are constantly warning the country, and which, we are told, affects all our public officials, from the highest to the lowest. Who would give a guarantee that the man who has been sentenced to imprisonment for ten or fifteen years will not be able to leave the prison before he has served out one-third of the term, and is it not well understood that it is next to impossible to procure the conviction of a wealthy criminal.

In view of all these facts, and in view of the rapid increase of crime in our own city, would it not be well for us to be less hasty in our judgments of other people, and to look into the charges that are preferred against them by prejudiced and one-sided parties, before we join in their condemnation. The well-known scriptural quotation is peculiarly applicable to ourselves, and we should study well the moral it inculcates.

MOVEMENTS OF THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.—We learn from an esteemed correspondent that the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York arrived at Dubuque on the 27th of May, accompanied by his Secretary, Rev. F. McNeirney. His Grace is travelling for his health, and will visit the romantic scenery of the Upper Mississippi for the first time. On the 28th he was accompanied to St. Joseph's Convent by Rt. Rev. Bishop Smyth, where he spent two days with Very Rev. T. J. Donohoe, an old and intimate friend, with whom he was associated for many years in Philadelphia. We understand that he was highly pleased with an address presented to him by the ladies of St. Joseph's of the Prairie. On the third day he received the visits of a large number of the citizens of Dubuque, Protestants as well as Catholics, and left in the evening on the beautiful steamer Golden Era.

ST. AUGUSTINE LITERARY ASSOCIATION.—Our readers have already been made acquainted with the merits of this excellent Society, and it is therefore only necessary to state that it will hold its annual exhibition at the Stadt Theatre, in the Bowery, on the 18th inst.

a very adroit manner by permitting the receipt of very small sums of money towards the loan, and thereby giving a vast number of people a direct interest in the preservation of the peace of Paris and the triumph of his arms in Italy. The last returns of the Bank of France showed, however, a decline of over half a million of dollars in the bullion of that institution, and the drain was going on steadily. This money is owned by the cautious Frenchmen, who do not gamble in stocks but who hate a social convulsion, either in the shape of a revolution, or Austrian invasion, and consequently draw their cash from the banks in order to hoard it away in hiding places near home. This fact is well known to the Emperor, as is also the danger of a prolonged absence from Paris and the consequences of a defeat in the field of battle.

We cannot see any way in which he can now retrace his steps in safety, and there is very little doubt but the Italian policy which he has seen fit to initiate will be productive of some of the greatest political, if not territorial, changes which have been witnessed in Europe since the execution of Louis the Sixteenth and the organization of the French Directory. Sardinia has lighted the brand, but it is not easy to foresee who will extinguish the conflagration.

MORE RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION IN SWEDEN.—LUTHERANISM DENIES THE CLAIMS OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT AND FREE BIBLES.

We have already submitted to the read of THE RECORD some startling, but well authenticated, cases relative to the intolerant system which the Lutheran Church of Sweden pursues towards all the inhabitants of that country who presume to differ from her standard of faith and State creed. American readers—Catholics as well as Protestant—could not easily credit the statement that the Church of Sweden, modelled in strict accordance with the tenets of Martin Luther, permits no dissent, however slight, from her doctrines, and that the Government of that country, which is composed, in a great measure, of clergymen, and is controlled, in every important point of its action, by Protestant Bishops, punishes either with a money fine, imprisonment, or deprivation of civil rights, those of its subjects—no matter how educated—who presume to interpret the Bible in any other sense than that in which it is explained by the Church. Our fellow-citizens were made, however, painfully aware of the truth of these positions, by our publication of the names of different Swedes who were persecuted, with a history of the circumstances attending their trials in court, and sentences.

It was also proven in our columns, that the fact of a Swedish subject becoming a convert to the Catholic Church ensures his exile from his native country, and the most unworthy means are resorted to by the hierarchy, in order to produce testimony for his prosecution.

The facts of a new and late instance of this degrading system of intolerance have come under our notice in the journals of Stockholm. Soldiers of the Swedish army are, it appears, compelled to attend church service regularly on Sundays, under penalty of severe punishment. Some short time ago a soldier named Larsson, serving in the regiment Dalecarlia, in the company of Orsa, when stationed at Fahlun, stated to his captain that he had in conviction become an Ana-Baptist, ceased to be a Lutheran Protestant, and requested permission to absent himself from the services of the State Church. His commanding officer denied him the leave applied for, and next Sunday the soldier refused to go to church. He was arrested in consequence and brought before the captain, who expostulated with

lost among them. I speak particularly of New Jersey, because I know it best; but I am almost certain that the same state of things exists in other countries. In many of the other dioceses of the East. I hope, then, these good priests will not consider it impertinence of me to suggest that they petition their Bishops to have those Missions enlarged, wherever this can be done, and that a portion of these zealous clergymen emigrate to the West, where, I believe, they shall be gladly received. I understand there are congregations at least doubly as large as those where now several priests are solely engaged in New Jersey, who have not the consolation of assisting at the Adorable Sacrifice of the Mass perhaps once in the month, and this for the want of priests. Let good priests emigrate with the people, and that they are sure to be the nursery of the Church in this great country.

The above is not from The St. Louis Banner, and a well informed layman in Dubuque, Iowa, suggests the following amendment to it.

The best way, he says, for Eastern priests to emigrate to the West, is to be accompanied by such members of their old congregations as desire, and are prepared, to become Western farmers. He says there are many churches and Stations in Iowa where small congregations are already formed, and which could be made the nucleus of prosperous settlements. Whatever visits attend or follow Catholic emigration, whether from Ireland to this country, or from the Eastern to the Western States, are attributable, he thinks, to the absence of a priest. He knows of many priests who have encouraged emigration to the Western States within the last few years, while they remain behind, and the consequence is that the people become scattered, bewildered and disheartened, for want of such a leader as they would find in the priest. One sends them in procession to another, until too frequently they settle down and Protestants, and are lost to themselves and to the Church. Our correspondent says that farms can be purchased at this time from Protestants, in the vicinity of all or most of these churches and Stations, for one half the price at which they would be sold a year ago, and oneshalf, in all probability, that they West can be bought for in a year from this time. The present year promises to be a glorious one for Western farmers. Any priest in the East can find forty or fifty families prepared to colonize with him, and accessions would raise them up to be a respectable congregation in three or four years. Our Dubuque friend says he knows of several such localities where tracts of land, averaging 160 acres, and possessing all the advantages of wood, water and meadow, with 20 or 25 acres well fenced and planted, can be bought from six to ten dollars an acre. Selected and choice lands of meadow only can be bought from two to three dollars an acre.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC—THE WAY CATHOLIC CHILDREN IN THE WEST ENJOY THEMSELVES.—The Sunday School celebration of the Catholic children of Dubuque is thus described in The Daily Express and Herald of May 31:—

Yesterday morning the city was sunny with happy young faces, all aglow with the anticipation of the coming day. About half-past 10 the numerous children, numbering some 2,000, with their teachers and parents, gathered at the cathedral and formed into a procession. First came the stars and stripes, and in the wake of its patriotic flutter came, two by two, the children. The Germania Band furnished inspiration for the march, while hundreds of little flags in the hands of the boys gave a gay and pleasant air to the long and winding procession through the streets. About half-past eleven o'clock the procession reached Prospect Hill, were, after forming a circle around the top of the bluff, the ceremony of crowning the Queens took place. Three pretty little girls, named Mary E. Sullivan, Julia Williams and Yettie Plaster, received the crown royal, and then their thousands of juvenile subjects gave tokens of their fealty by hearty hurrahs, waving of flags, &c. Each queen was dressed in regal style, with her train supported by richly dressed ladies of honor. After the coronation the procession re-formed and marched over to Kelly's Bluff, where old and young fell to work on a boundless and richly repaid, doing that ample justice which appertains to plenty of exercise and clear consciences.

Kelly's Bluff, as every one knows, is one of the most romantic spots in the world, and its beauty was not in the least marred by the gay groups gathered in its groves—nor were its echoes detracted from, as voices of laughter and joy rolled through its leafy shade.

After the edibles came the swinging, and racing, and all that kind of unlimited fun which children know how to conjure up on such occasions.

There was a pretty large outside attendance—Bishop Smyth, with his clerical escort, *en masse*, the entire Catholic clerical force of the city, and any quantity of others—rich, poor, high, low, male and female, girls, wives, beaux, spinsters, &c.

The whole arrangement "went off" most satisfactorily, and will always remain a green spot in the memory of the children.

We learn from a private correspondent

that this was the first picnic or public procession ever held by the Catholic children of Dubuque, and the number was so much greater than Protestants had an idea could be collected together, that the estimate is exaggerated some four or five hundred in the above account. In other respects it is truthful as far as it goes. It was a source of great pride and pleasure to the Catholics, and of amazement to outsiders. It is known, however, that there are hundreds more who were not present, as it is only a few months since the schools were organized; and it is remarkable, also, that there was no child in the procession over fourteen years of age. The three churches were represented, and each had its Queen. The German children presented the Bishop with a beautiful address on "The Catholic Unity of Nationalities in the Bond of Religion," which affected the good Prelate to tears, and elicited an eloquent reply. Great credit is due to the German Pastor (Rev. Geo. Seider) and teachers, for the discipline and orderly conduct of these children. Their addresses on the playground, their military step in the procession, their singing, their performance on the pianoforte in the grove, &c., &c., gave evidence of great mental culture for children so young. The green award was well beaten by scores of quadrilles danced by those of more advanced age, and, take it all in all, it was a glorious day.

THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP OF CINCINNATI AT DUBUQUE.—The Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, made a flying visit to Dubuque on the 20th of May. In the absence of Right Rev. Bishop Smyth, who had not yet returned from St. Louis, he remained but one night at the episcopal residence. The next day was spent at the Convent and Academy of St. Joseph's of the Prairie, with the venerable and Very Rev. T. J. Donohoe, Superior and Director of the Sisters of Charity of the Blessed Virgin.

PROGRESS OF RELIGION IN WASHINGTON.—MORE NEW CHURCHES.—The following interesting items of Church news are from the Baltimore Mirror of the 4th inst.:

The Church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, in Mechanistown, Frederick County, Md., will be dedicated to-morrow.

The corner-stone will be laid to-morrow also, of the Church of the Holy Rosary, in Prince George's County, intended to replace the one now known as Boon's Chapel, which for many years has been in a dilapidated condition and unfit for use. This good work is undertaken by Rev. Father Dominic Young, O.S.D., of Washington City, who attends to the spiritual wants of the faithful in that neighborhood. For the purpose of aiding in the construction of this much needed church, he last Sunday preached at St. Vincent's Church, in this city, and made an appeal in behalf of his undertaking, which was responded to by a collection of about fifty dollars being made on the spot.

St. Aloysius' Church, erected by the Jesuits in Washington, is to be dedicated on the 19th June. A concert in its aid is to be given in the church on the 10th, for which several amateur and professional musicians and vocalists have been secured from the neighboring cities, and it promises to be a rich treat. About the pews have been rented and the prospect for a congregation is very flattering. Bishop McGill, of Richmond, is to preach the opening sermon, and he is to be followed by Rev. Fathers Maguire, Ryder, Stonestreet, Early and others, so that the whole affair is to be a very attractive.

CONVERSION.—Mrs. Blount, a daughter of the author of the "Star Spangled Banner" has become a Catholic in Georgetown, D. C. Mrs. B. is also a niece of Chief Justice Tancy.

ARRIVAL OF SISTERS OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD IN ST. LOUIS.—Four Sisters for the Convent of the Good Shepherd in St. Louis, have arrived in the city within the past fortnight. Their names are Sister Mary, St. John the Baptist, (Jackson) Superiores; Sister Mary, St. Philomena, (Kavanaugh) Assistant; Sister Mary, St. Augustine, (Smith) and Sister Mary Martha, (Shine).

We wish the good ladies every success in this noble object—the reformation of unfortunate females. [Western Banner, June 4.]

FOREIGN.

DID THE LATE DUKE OF LEEDS DIE A CATHOLIC?—The following letter, published in The London Express, from the Roman Catholic Bishop of Beverley, in reference to the reception of the late Duke of Leeds into the Roman Catholic Church, has been sent to us, with a request to give it publicity in our columns, as confirming the statement taken from The Weekly Register, but which was subsequently contradicted:—

"Sir,—My attention has been directed to a letter from the Rev. W. Updon Richards, incumbent of All Saints, Margaret street, denying the statement of the paper that the Duke of

Leeds was received into the Roman Catholic Church before his death. I am able to affirm that that statement is correct. Having heard on Tuesday morning that the Duke of Leeds was alarmingly ill, we the Clergy of Leeds called upon his Grace, and found him in bed. He told me that he had been exceedingly ill during the previous night, mentioned that he had sent a note to the Rev. Mr. Richards, asking him to visit him that day, and added, "If I am not satisfied in my interview about the validity of the Rite of Orders, I shall be happy to have the ministrations either of the Rev. Dr. Manning or of Mr. Oakley (re-marking that they had been Protestants), or, he said, of your lordship." It was arranged that I should see his Grace again that night, accompanied by the Rev. Dr. Manning. I went to see the Duke that night. We could not get admission to his Grace for some time, as his medical advisors were having a consultation. When admitted, about 12 o'clock, I found the Duke sitting in an easy chair. He immediately grasped my hand affectionately. I took a chair by his side, and, still grasping my hand, began to speak about making his confession. The Duke was present, and I begged him to make his confession. He said he was ready and willing to do so, and she must therefore withdraw. The Duchess having left the room, the Duke began instantly to make his confession. While we were thus engaged, the Duchess came in and said the medical gentlemen were anxious to see the Duke. He informed Dr. Manning likewise, and he, reminding me of the conditional baptism to be given to the Duke, and Mr. McCann, the Duke's surgeon, also came in while I was alone with the Duke, and inquired when the medical gentlemen could see the Duke for the operation to be performed. I gave him the answer, and he was previously conditionally baptized. After this, with the assistance of Rev. Dr. Manning, I administered to the Duke the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. The Duke expressed his desire to receive the above ministrations, and received them with very marked devotion. I gave him the Eucharist, and in the full possession of all his faculties. This being the day of the poor dear Duke's funeral, I this morning said a Requiem Mass for the repose of his soul. R. L. P.

"I am, Mr. Editor, your humble servant,
"JOHN BRIGGS, Roman Cath. Bishop.
"York, May 12, 1859."

The Weekly Register also has the following:—

As some attention has been drawn to the fact (which cannot be disputed or denied upon any ground whatever) of the conversion of the late Duke of Leeds to the Catholic faith, we may also state that Miss Fox, a niece of the Duke, was received into the Church at Everingham on Monday-Thursday last."

THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME.—The Ami de la Religion publishes the following details on the subject of the central spire which is now being re-constructed on the Cathedral of Notre Dame: "The steeple in wood covered with lead, which formerly crowned the centre of the old Cathedral, dated as far back as the Thirteenth Century. It was demolished in 1797, either because, being in want of repairs, it was more easily removed than restored, or because the quantity of lead with which it was covered was required for casting musket balls. A project for repairing the Cathedral was first taken into consideration by the Government in 1845, but nothing was then decided on. The plan was again examined in 1853 by the Imperial Government, but the erection of the spire was postponed on the consequence of the necessity which the architect felt for first painting the Cathedral. The arch of the building, over which the proposed erection was to stand. The preparation of the woodwork for the spire was commenced in August last, and the first pieces were in their places in February last. The spire, which will be one hundred and thirty-five feet above the top of the roof, and two hundred and eighty feet above the floor of the church, does not start suddenly from the roof, like those of the Cathedrals of Amiens or Orleans, but stands on open arches, thus giving it a much lighter effect. These arches are surmounted by statues of the twelve apostles and the four emblems of the evangelists, and are from above the crown of figures that the steeple starts. The iron cross at the summit will be about twenty-four feet high, and is surmounted by a gilt weathercock. The work will be covered with lead, weighing not less than one hundred and twenty thousand kilograms. The whole construction will be finished in the early part of next year."

PROGRESS OF CATHOLICITY IN CHINA.—SCHOOLS AT BEIJING.—A Bulletin from North China Herald of March 31st, published at Victoria, says: "Father Aguilar, the Coadjutor Bishop at Pe-chow-fu, says his mission can boast of three thousand proselytes, and that there are thirty thousand Catholics within the province of Fokien. The Roman Catholic establishment known as the Yen-che-tong, within the city of Nanking, entertained visitors, we visited it, seventy-eight boys of from five to twelve years of age. These, besides reading, writing, &c., were being instructed in tailoring, shoemaking and carpentry, and when competent to earn their bread, would be sent

out into the world to shift for themselves. Grounded in the tenets of Roman Catholic doctrine, though small the seed, it may be likened to a grain of mustard, soon to fructify in abundance. The example might well be imitated by some of our Catholic establishments."

CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS OF OUR METROPOLIS.

Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum in Prince street, under the charge of the Sisters of Charity.

It is with a feeling of pleasure that we resume the agreeable task which we commenced in the second number of The Record, and which we were obliged to discontinue for some weeks on account of the large demands made upon our time by our Catholic Educational Institutions. And here let us say that it is our intention to continue the publication of those articles to the end, subject, however, as in the case referred to, to occasional suspensions. Our readers need not, therefore, be alarmed if they do not find every number a continuation of this important chapter in the Catholic history of our Metropolis.

There are some who recollect the establishment of the first Catholic charitable institution in New York, and who may remember the trials and difficulties with which it was beset in the early stages of its existence. That was forty-two years ago, and looking back at the humble beginning of the numerous and noble charities which are supported by our people, we have certainly every reason to be grateful for the result. The ground on which the large and commodious building known as the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum now stands was occupied at the date of the establishment of the Institution by a number of old dilapidated tumble-down shanties. It was in one of the most ruinous and unprosperous of these that it was proposed to begin the Asylum, for at the time of its establishment the Catholics of New York were very poor, and there was no fund from which a supply commensurate with the wants of such an institution could be obtained. As the Orphan Asylum was the first charity founded by our people in this city, and everything in regard to its origin possesses a historical importance, we have collected all the facts within our reach, and will now endeavor to present them to our readers as we received them, illustrating them as we proceed with all the incidents that have come within our knowledge.

On the 30th of August, 1817, the three Sisters of Charity under whose charge the new Asylum was placed took possession of the building to which we have alluded. We have said it was a broken-down, dilapidated concern, but as there are many such buildings to which those terms might apply, and yet not be very uncomfortable dwellings, we will be a little more minute and particular as to the one in question. The three nuns to whom it was to be a home, and for the little ones under whose kind care it was to be an asylum, were named in religion Sisters Felicitas, Rose, and Cecilia. They called it their little plank cabin, a name, however, which conveyed but a faint idea of the appearance of its exterior and interior. It was indeed nothing more nor less than an old wooden shanty, which had almost ceased to be habitable, but which it was hoped might be made to serve until such times as the liberality of the benevolent provided them with a better, or furnished them with the means of rendering it more habitable. It contained exactly four rooms, one of which was made to answer all the purposes of a kitchen, if it be fair to dignify it with such a title, an apartment that looked as unlike a kitchen as it was possible to conceive. However, such was the purpose for which it was set apart, and so it received the name. When they had occupied the building some months an addition was made to the rear, and this was called the refectory. The former kitchen was now converted into a Sisters' room, an apartment which the Sisters had been obliged to do without up to this time.

The frame building of which we are speaking was said to have belonged originally to a society of physicians, by whom it was used during the revolutionary war and for many years after as a dead-house. There is every reason to believe from its condition at the time it was first occupied as an orphan asylum that it had not been for a long time used as a dwelling. An effort had been made to prepare it for the Sisters and their youthful charges,

but although it was whitewashed and scrubbed and scoured it was still in a poor condition at the date to which we have referred, the 30th of April, 1817. The floors were so deeply stained with human blood that the good Sisters, after several ineffectual attempts to remove them with the scrubbing brush, were obliged at last to have the boards planed as a final resort. When the cellar came to be cleaned out a large quantity of dirt and human bones, sufficient to fill several carts, had to be removed. An old black woman, who was said to be a hundred and ten years of age at the time, and was in the habit receiving food at the Asylum, used to tell some strange things about this same "little plank cabin," and the incidents of which it was the scene during the exciting period of the war.

And now, having given our readers some idea of the condition and character of the building in which the first Catholic Orphan Asylum of New York was established, we have a few words to add about the trials which the good Sisters endured after they had entered upon their work. The aspect of affairs, as we have said, was certainly not of the most encouraging description, but it is sufficient to say that the ladies who entered on the task assigned to them were Sisters of Charity. "From the remarks which I heard," said one of the good sisters, in a letter which we have been permitted to read, "I concluded in my own mind that the prospects were bright, as far as regards suffering and merit for a Sister of Charity." They certainly had no lack of opportunities for the exercise of that true Christian patience and self-sacrifice by which the members of the community have always been distinguished, and which have rendered them the unconscious subjects of the respect and admiration of Christians of all denominations. Their house was not only dilapidated and broken down, but the furniture was miserably inadequate even to the small number of rooms, and what there was of it was of the poorest description. We are sorry we have not a complete inventory of it at hand, as we are desirous of giving all the details of the history of the Asylum, knowing that however trifling and unimportant it may appear to some they are full of interest to others and worthy of being placed on record. The hall, or entry, was without table or chair, and had not even a common rag carpet—it was, in fact, completely unfurnished, and its gloomy look corresponded with the general appearance of the house. One of the rooms into which it led, and which was by courtesy called the parlor, had whitewashed walls, while the floor was marked here and there with human blood stains, some of which were as large as an ordinary sized plate. The parlor could boast a pine breakfast table, painted red, and a dozen of second-hand pine chairs, of a dark brown color. This was all the furniture. The back room on the same floor had not even a chair, the plaster of the walls was broken in several places, the floor was full of holes, and the general appearance of the apartment was as uninviting as can be imagined. The kitchen, however, presented a more cheerful aspect, and was supplied with a little stock of goods and provisions, upon which the Sisters were to commence housekeeping. The table furniture was of the plainest kind, and the whole collection was not, as may be supposed, very extensive. Fortunately we are enabled to tell our readers something about this very essential part of the domestic economy of the institution, from which they will see on what small capital an institution which has proved such a great blessing to the community may be started when those by whom it is undertaken are actuated by the right spirit. Perhaps there never was a benevolent enterprise which started with prospects less encouraging, and it is doubtful if there is one which, in proportion to its means, has effected so much good. But we must not forget our little inventory of kitchen utensils. To begin, then: there was half a dozen small calico-looking cups and saucers. (Our fair readers will understand what kind these were.)

China was an article of luxury entirely unknown in the "little plank cabin." The next articles on the list were half a dozen small pewter teaspoons, half a dozen common table spoons, half a dozen of the poorest kind of knives and forks, half a dozen common white plates, three butter plates of the same style, one tin coffee pot, calculated to hold three pints, one black earthen tea pot,

one small tea canister, with a quarter of a pound of green tea—a very welcome gift; another canister with a pound of coffee. At this point we stop to remark that the coffee was ground, for one of the kind ladies (Miss Ellen Gottsberger) who was ever ready to render her kind assistance to the Sisters, had brought it home with her for that purpose. A coffee mill was also added to the list, besides which there was a tin cup, a tin ladle, one nail painted blue, a small white wooden table, a small iron pot and a frying pan, both somewhat antiquated but "good," as we are informed. The capital stock for the laundry department consisted of the pot already mentioned and two smoothing irons, the pot being used one time for boiling clothes and at another for cooking. In those days there was no Croton Department and the water had to be carried in by one of the Sisters and an orphan boy under their charge. The supply was carried in generally after dark and if any more was required, John, as the orphan was named, was sent out for it.

And here we must close our account for the present, promising, however, to let our readers know something more of the internal economy of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum in its early days.

FACTS AND FIGURES ABOUT THE ROMAN STATES.

A Substantial Refutation of the Charges Against the Pontifical Government.

We are accustomed to hear so much about the liberty of the Press as a panacea for all the political disorders which afflict nations or "peoples," as our modern literary innovators and reformers will have the word, that we have come to regard it as the greatest blessing we could enjoy. While we would be among the last to depreciate its importance, it must be admitted that it is too often employed in the circulation of false statements, and in support of systems that are often dangerous to the peace and the well being, because they are subversive of the morality, of society. We do not intend, however, to discuss the general questions arising from a consideration of this subject. We propose to confine our attention for the present to one only.

So much has been published of the so-called misrule of the Papal States, and the hostility of the Pontifical Government to everything like real progress, that not a few have really believed the charges, without ever taking the trouble of investigating the facts for themselves. For those who have not had the time to do so, and who desire to know something on the other side of the question, the following array of statistical arguments, which has been put into our hands by one of our readers, and which has been made up from Cardinal Wiseman's admirable article on Italy and the Papal States, and other sources, will be read with both interest and profit:

The population of Italy (1858) amounts to 27,107,047, of which 19,913,804 are under Italian government, and 7,193,743 obey foreign rule. Nineteen cities and towns have over 50,000 inhabitants, and eight over 100,000 each. The number in Italy professing other Christian creeds besides the Roman Catholic, is 36,676; the number of Jews is 41,497.

The republic of 1848 effected a total disorganization of the finances, issued an immense and ruinous amount of revolutionary paper, followed by a diminution of the customs amounting to more than a fourth of the entire. The Papal Government assumed all this bogus paper currency (in all, \$7,000,000.) These "assignats" have some time since totally disappeared from circulation, and the notes of the Bank of the Pontifical States are of equal value with the metallic currency, and generally at par. The Papal Government has within seven years after its own restoration, restored the revenue too; and from \$2,943,589, to which it fell in 1849, raised it to \$5,346,039 in 1858—scarce any additional taxation.

It is a fact that the Government of the Roman States is the most economically administered government in Europe. The rate of taxation is far below the average of other European countries. The Roman population relatively to its resources at this moment is not one third as heavily taxed as the population of England, and the expenses of administration are less heavy in the Roman States than with three millions, than in the kingdom of Wur-

temburg or Greece, with not half the population.

In Sardinia (which boasts of being the most liberal, progressive and best regulated of the Continental Governments—especially of the Italian States) the public debt is equal to 140 francs per head.

In the Papal States it is not equal to 120 francs per head.

In Sardinia (population five millions) each person has to pay 30 francs per head for taxes to the State; In the Papal dominions 22 francs is the highest sum. The French have to pay 45 francs annually.

In 1858 there was a deficit of 33,000,000 f. in the Sardinian treasury, though 41,800,000 f. had been withdrawn from the Sinking Fund. In the same year there was an equalization of expenditure and receipts in the Roman finances.

Austria, with forty millions of inhabitants, expended (1857), including 250,000,000 f. interest on public debt, 850,000,000 f.—about 21 f. per head. The amount of taxes levied for 1858 were 750,000,000 f.

Sardinia, with five millions inhabitants, expended in 1858 149,000,000 f., including interest on public debt.

The total number of Prelates, exclusive of Chaplains, employed in the Roman States in 1856 (about the same to-day—many of whom are not ordained Priests) was 110

The number of laymen, ditto. 6,836

Previously the number employed stood as follows:—

	Ecclesiastics.	Laymen.
In the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.	17	30
" Home Department.	156	1,411
" Public Instruction.	8	11
" Grace and Justice.	59	927
" Finance Department.	8	2,017
" Commerce and Trade.	1	61
" Public Works.	2	100
" of War.	0	98
" Police.	2	404
Total.	243	5,009

The members of the Council of State are all laymen.

The salaries of all the Prelates, including 179 Chaplains of prisons and hospitals, amounted to 8124,256

Ditto of lay officials 1,491,889

Pius IX., on his accession to the See of Rome, showed himself full of ardor for reforms. Every one is acquainted with the catastrophe that ensued. The Papal Government for some years past has made the civil and criminal law the object of complete revision. Much good has been effected. Among the improvements is the *Codice delle Hypotheche*, which has been examined by French Jurisconsults and cited by them as a model document. The different powers of the State have been carefully separated and defined. Municipal organizations have been also the object of a complete reform. The Custom House duties on a great number of articles have been reduced. Rapid strides towards free trade are being made, and important commercial and postal treaties have been concluded with various States. A great number of roads have been opened in various parts of the country, ports enlarged, marshes drained, viaducts and bridges erected, steam navigation introduced on the Tiber, Rome lighted with gas; electric telegraphs have been introduced, which, in addition to the governmental and commercial uses, are employed as a medium of promoting scientific investigation. Italy possesses now 1,759 kilometers (five-eighths of a mile) each, or 1,100 miles of railways completed; 2,389 k. (1,463 miles) in course of construction, and 634 k., or 397 miles, for which concessions have been granted. The railroad from Rome to Civita Vecchia was opened in April, 1859.

Agriculture has been equally the object of encouragement by the government. Prizes have been established for the encouragement of gardening and the raising of stock. A commission composed of the principal landed proprietors was occupied in 1856 in studying the hitherto insoluble question of draining the Campagna of Rome and filling it with inhabitants. A most extensive system of draining has been applied to the Pontine and other marshes. New buildings are very numerous; commercial relations are extending; important profits are being realized in agricultural and financial operations; considerable fortunes are being made. The condition of the populations is that of comparative ease. Provisions are cheap; the necessities of life are easily obtained; flesh meat is the common food of the people.

The value of silk raised ranged from 200 to 230 millions of francs, (40 to 46 millions of dollars.)

The mercantile marine of Italy is more numerous in proportion to the extent of country

than that of any other nation in Europe, England excepted.

The imperfections of the judiciary system are often cited. It has now been examined closely by distinguished men on the continent, who have found it impossible to discover any serious cause of complaint. The civil law is well administered. There is not a sentence the justice of which would not be recognized by the best tribunals in Europe; *en passant*, we may state that the punishment of death has not been administered for political offences in a single case under Pius IX.

Criminal justice is administered in a manner equally unassailable. We were omitting to make honorable mention of the celebrated "Court of the Rota," composed of some of the most eminent civilians and canonists in Europe. The constitution of this Court is as perfect as any tribunal can be, and its decisions have ever been held in the highest veneration in all Europe.

Rome alone contains 27 universities and colleges and 387 public schools. Establishments of public charity are numerous and effective. Private charity is largely exercised. In spite of the penury of the exchequer, the Roman Government has set aside large sums for the development of trade and arts, and the fine arts are liberally encouraged.

In short, all the measures of the Government of the Holy Father bear marks of wisdom, reason and progress; any unprejudiced person by seeking will find the truth of all the data we give, and convince himself that the Government of the Roman States studies to promote the happiness and comfort of its people. We are convinced whatever concessions may be made, that unhappily the population are not to be satisfied. It must, in fact, be admitted that the Pontifical Government has not failed in its task, and that it has proceeded, and is proceeding, regularly in the road of reform and amelioration. Had Pius IX. or his Government been let alone the discontent of the people would have been a thing unknown. We believe, with Dr. Cahill, that "since 1815 England has been encouraging the revolutionary spirit in Naples, in Rome, in Florence, and indeed in all Italy. She has labored now nearly fifty years through her ambassadors, her agents, her journals, her tourists, her writers, her preachers, her biblicals, to deery the constitutional policy, to lampoon the religion, and to ridicule the Church authority through every city, and town, and village, and hamlet in Italy. Hundreds of thousands of pounds have been expended in this work of English revolution and propaganda." The day may be fast approaching when England will feel that redistribution is overtaking her, and that she will be punished for the malicious deceit of her foreign policy.

The Count de Montalembert very truly says: "If it be established (as held by the House of Lords) that the Pope cannot be the sovereign of a foreign lord, is it not equally clear, and for the same reason, that he cannot be the subject of his own people?"

The manifesto of the "Reds" in 1845 demanded the entire exclusion of ecclesiastics from Papal rule. And the dream of Balbo and Farini, and the rest of the Sardinian faction has always been, and is the substitution of the Sardinian for the Pontifical authority, and the subversion of all Papal government. Events are now developing the aggressive and dictatorial policy of Victor Emmanuel too well known for the past ten years. Whatever may be the results of the mighty movement now going on in Europe, possibly England may be caught in her own trap, and it may appear, should Sardinia's army be crowned with success, that Sardinia or France, in producing the humiliation of Austria will have effected materially British political and commercial interests.

Obituary.

• DIED—On Saturday, May 21, at 8 P. M., LOUISA, second daughter of the late Henry Earl, aged 17 years and 2 months.

It is with unfeigned sorrow we record the demise of the above-named estimable young lady. After a brief illness of two weeks she has followed the spirit of her father, and added one to the host that reigns in the realm of eternal bliss. Cut off in the bloom of youth, a fair but evanescent flower, she is gone, unshaken by the vicissitudes of this world, to a place of happiness and rest, leaving her sorrowing relatives the consoling reflection that she now rests peacefully in the bosom of her God. Youth, amiability and intelligence were characteristics of her brief existence, and her prudence, devotion and constancy secured the unbounded confidence and affection of those who knew her intimately. Strong and gentle as were the ties that bound her to earth, and they were so gently loosened by the power of Divine Grace, that she met the great destroyer firmly and unshrinkingly, and confident in the redeeming flood poured out on Calvary's Mount, sank peacefully and calmly to her rest, unshaken by fear and unstained by sin.

Weep not for her! By fleet or slow decay
It never grieved her bosom's core to mark
The passing of her childhood's wane away,
Her prospects wither and her hopes grow dark.
Translated by her God, with spirit's shriven,
She passed, as 'twere, on smiles, from earth to heaven.

Weep not for her!

F.

diers in arms who had surrendered "on mercy," and the men who had never borne arms, but even the women and children; with a full expression in reference to the latter, indicating that they might be troublesome should they grow up.

The reason assigned by the author of the Collection for a certain Col. Washington losing the service in the year 1641—and furnishing and evidence of the fearful consequences of such calamities—is as follows:

In the same year, after quarter given by Lieutenant-Colonel Gibson to those of the Castle of Carrigmain, they were all put to the sword, being about three hundred and fifty, most of them women and children; and Col. Washington and company to save a pretty child of seven years old, carried him under his cloak, but the child against his will was killed in his arms, which was a principal motive of his quitting the service.

In spirit and in fact the whole statement of *Mason* was a hellish and gigantic lie. There was no massacre by the Irish Catholics—who, finding from undoubted authority that their extermination had been deliberately determined on, rushed to arms in self-defence—as may be conclusively proved by reference to the dispatches of the Lords Justices of the period. But, on the contrary, it was a common saying with the Catholic inhabitants to mingle the cattle of their Protestant neighbors with their own to prevent their being seized by the Irish in arms, who did not scruple to help themselves to the herds of the Protestant and Presbyterian "planters" who had been forcibly installed in their rightful inheritances—for their support.

The other articles are no less interesting than that from which we have made the foregoing extract, and the matter is sufficiently varied to suit nearly every class of readers. From all we have seen of this periodical it is full of promise, and we trust it will meet with a liberal and hearty support.

HAIPEY'S MONTHLY

For June is a varied and interesting number, with the usual amount of excellent engravings from real and fancy sketches. The story department is well filled, and for those who love adventure, the exploits of "Morgan the Buccaneer," and the "Red River Trail," are just the thing. "The Artist's Excursion," is, as it should be, well and profusely illustrated, and we should not omit to mention Macaulay's brief biographical sketch of "William Pitt," which will be read with interest, re-creating, as it does, the stormy time of the first Napoleon, to which we are now having a repeat. "The Virginians" are progressing, the seventy-fifth chapter having been reached successfully.

THE KNICKERBOCKER.

The current number opens with an illustrated article entitled "Logan, and the Home of the Iroquois." Octave Feuillet's exquisite "Romance of a Poor Young Man" is continued, every paragraph increasing in interest. The strange Breton household is graphically described, and we get a glimpse of the picturesque scenery and primitive people of that region of France. "Dead or not," is quite an exciting piece of German mysticism, but we have no doubt that our lady readers will consider "Something to Wear" as unquestionably the best article in the number. A portrait of Prescott gives additional value to the Knickerbocker for June.

NAPOLEON'S SACRIFICE OF HUMAN LIFE.—Never was there a conqueror who fired more cannon, fought more battles, or overthrew more thrones, than Napoleon. But we cannot appreciate the degree and quality of his glory without weighing the means he possessed, and the results which he accomplished. Enough for our present purpose will be gained, if we set before us the mere resources of flesh and blood which he called into play, from the rupture of the peace of Amiens in 1804, down to his eventual exit. At that time he had, as he declared to Lord Whitworth, an army on foot of 480,000 men. (Here follows a detail of the different levies made from 1804 till 1814. Total of men 2,965,965.) This detail, which is derived from Napoleon's official Journal, *The Monitor*, under the several dates, is deficient in the excess which was raised beyond the levies; but even if we deduct the casualties as well as the 300,000 men disbanded in 1815, we shall be much under the mark in affirming that he slaughtered two millions and a half of human beings, and these all Frenchmen. But we have yet to add the thousands and tens of thousands of Germans, Swiss, Poles, Italians, Neapolitans and Illyrians whom he forced under his eagles; and, at a moderate computation, these cannot have fallen short of half a million. It is obviously just to assume, that the number who fell on the side of his adversaries was equal to that against which they were brought. Here then are our data for asserting that the latter years of his glory were purchased at no less an expense than six millions human lives. This horrible inroad on the fairest portion of the population of Europe resulted in the abandonment of every conquered territory; the bringing of foreign enemies, twice within four and twenty months, under the walls of Paris; and the erasure of his name from the records of dominion.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

O. E. DUFFY, CATHOLIC BOOKSELLER and Periodical Dealer, No. 429 E. Street, Washington, D. C. All the Catholic Papers for sale. The Metropolitan Record always on hand. mh5 3m

Our friends in Brooklyn can pay their subscriptions and receive receipts from Michael Nevin, No. 189 Fulton street, and James Nevin, No. 392 Fulton street.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

At a MEETING of the TEACHERS of St. Patrick's Cathedral Sunday School, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of the teachers of St. Patrick's Sunday School are due, and are hereby tendered to the Cecilian Band, for their generous services on the occasion of our late exhibition. Also to Mr. E. Harding, the popular vocalist, for the kind manner in which he contributed to the success of the exhibition by his valuable services. Also to Mrs. CONYER, Costumer, of No. 65 Prince street, for her kind assistance at the room on the above evening. Also to Mr. P. H. Berrel and Capt. Corcoran, for the use of the flags with which the room was decorated.

Resolved, That the above be published in The New York Sun, Herald, Tablet and Metropolitan Record.

JAMES W. CONYER, Costumer, } Committee.
NICHOLAS S. KELLY, }
THOS. F. GILROY, }

THE ST. AUGUSTINE LITERARY ASSOCIATION will hold their Annual Exhibition on MONDAY, June 10, 1886, at the State Theatre, No. 57 Bowery, for the benefit of the Free School attached to St. James' Church. The performance will consist of the literary exercises of the Association, comic and dramatic sketches, singing and music; the singing by several talented ladies and gentlemen who have volunteered their valuable services; the music by the Cecilian Band. Tickets 25 cents, to be had at the following places: Danigan & Brother's, No. 371 Broadway; Casserly's Bookstore, No. 27 Madison street; of Mr. Fox, Sexton of St. James' Church, and at the door on the evening of the exhibition. jell

GEORGE SAUNDERS' METALIC TABLET RAZOR STIC.—This valuable article may be obtained of the sole manufacturers, J. & S. SAUNDERS, No. 7 Astor House, and of the various agents throughout the city. a3 6m/F

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POST OFFICE NOTICE.—The Mails for Europe, via SOUTHAMPTON and BREMEN, per U. S. steamer NEW YORK, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 11th day of June, at 10 o'clock A. M. jell ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

AGENCIES.—We have appointed the following Agents for the Record, in addition to those already announced:—

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—Messrs. Downing & Daly, 139 South Eighth street.
BALTIMORE, Md.—Mr. James S. B. Smith, 38 North Gay street.
NEW ORLEANS, La.—Mr. Thomas O'Donnell, Camp st.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—Mr. John J. Kelly, 267 Washington street.

COPIES OF THE RECORD can always be had at the Book Store of GEORGE W. CASSELY, 27 Madison street, mh19 tf New York.

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1. The Committee unless accompanied by a written recommendation from some reliable person, and from the pastor of a church in the parish in which the applicant resides, shall not receive any application for admission.
2. Every application must be in writing, and state name of child, age, whether orphan or half orphan, names of parents, place of birth, and parents' residence, unless the child is a child of the Asylum.
3. Applications in accordance with the above will be considered by the Committee at their semi-monthly meetings, which take place at the Asylum in Prince street, on the second and last Wednesday of every month at 7 o'clock.
4. Orders for admission will be issued by the Chairman on the day after the meeting at which the application has been approved, and are subject to the medical examination of the child.
5. The number of half orphans that may be admitted

for admission will be issued by the
after the meeting at which the a

be approved, and are subject to the medical examination to said order.

5. The number of half orphans that may be admitted in either asylum has been limited by the Board of Managers to a certain number, which the Committee on Admissions and Binding are not allowed to exceed. The surviving parent of any half orphan admitted will be required to sign an agreement expressing the conditions upon which said half orphan is admitted.

6. No orphan can be withdrawn by a relative, unless after approval by the Committee, to whom an application therefor must have been previously submitted, and

7. Applications for binding out are to be left at the Asylum in Prince street, and will be acted upon at the time above specified, and in cases of emergency, by the Committee.

8. Children that have left, or been withdrawn from the Asylum, cannot be re-admitted.

9. Any further information can be obtained from the Committee, to whom all communications must be addressed at the Asylum in Prince street.

JAMES B. NICHOLSON,
 Chairman of Committee.

CHARLES TOL,
 THOMAS KEELY,
 L. B. BINSSE,
 L. J. WHITE,

}

Members of Committee.

L. B. BINSSE, Secretary.

mh12

CARPETINGS.

CARPET AND OIL CLOTH

JOHN W. HEALY,

111 Bowery, near Grand street, New York,
Importer, Jobber, and Retailer of
CARPETING, FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, CANTON
AND COCOA MATTING, DRUGGETS, &c. &c.
The stock contained in this establishment embraces
every item pertaining to the Carpet Trade, from the
most expensive and fine to the lowest price domestic
article, and all goods sold are warranted as repre-
sented.

The Clergy, Churches, Convents and Charitable In-
stitutions will be furnished at Manufacturers' prices.
Orders executed with exactness and despatch, and
goods packed and shipped free of charge.

JOHN W. HEALY,

111 Bowery, New York.

ARTHUR DONNELLY, 98 BOWERY,

NEW YORK.

Importer and Manufacturer of

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, DRUGGETS, MATTINGS, &c.

At wholesale and retail—for cash.

The clergy, churches and public institutions, churches

and nurseries furnished at wholesale prices. To execute

Experienced upholsterers always on hand, to execute

all orders for drapery, either in town or country.

The name of DONNELLY is well and favorably known

to the Catholic community of the United States—is a

sufficient guarantee that customers will be dealt with in

a fair, honorable, and upright manner.

ARTHUR DONNELLY,

98 Bowery, New York.

CARPETING.

1859. 1859.

IMPORTATIONS OF NEW AND CHOICE PAT-

TERNS FOR SPRING SALES.

SMITH & LOUNSBURY,

No. 456 Broadway,

Are now prepared to exhibit their

NEW SPRING STYLES OF FOREIGN AND DO-

MESTIC CARPETING,

Comprising every description and grade, from the

RICHEST TO THE CHEAPEST FABRIC,

And embracing a great variety of new and elegant pat-

terns and shadings.

Our orders and contracts having been completed pre-

viously to the recent important advance in prices, we are

enabled to offer our stock at

PRICES MUCH LESS THAN MARKET RATES.

Among the stock will be found:

New Patterns MEDALLIONS, various sizes,

12s. to 14s. per yard.

New Patterns VELVET, best English makers,

10s. to 12s. per yard.

New Patterns TAPESTRY, best English makers,

7s. to 9s. per yard.

New Patterns BRUSSELS, best English makers,

9s. to 11s. per yard.

New Patterns THREE-PLY, foreign and domestic,

7s. to 9s. per yard.

New Patterns INGRAIN, foreign and domestic,

2s. to 7s. per yard.

English and American

FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,

Any required width, from

4s. to 10s. per yard.

With a choice assortment of all other articles connected

with the trade. Also,

WINDOW SHADES,

DRAPERY, LACE and

MULBEN CURTAINS,

And TRIMMINGS of every kind to suit.

Our Upholstery Department is complete, and all or-

ders will be

EXECUTED WITH DISPATCH,

And satisfaction guaranteed.

SMITH & LOUNSBURY,

No. 456 Broadway, (near Grand street).

CARPETS AT OLD PRICES.

Same as before the recent heavy advances.

ENTIRELY NEW SPRING PATTERNS.

J. Crossley & Son's Tapestry, (newest styles), \$1.00

Best English Velvets, (choice patterns)..... 1.60

Lowell and Hartford Three-plies..... 1.00

Superior Ingrains..... 70

Extra Ingrains..... 75

All-wool Ingrains, 2 1/2 yds. wide..... 20

ALSO A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

Oil Cloths, Hair Carpets, Druggets, Mats, Matting,

Rugs, Stair Rods, &c., &c.

LORD & TAYLOR,

No. 255, 257, 259 and 261 Grand st.

ENGLISH CARPETING

IMPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE

CITY TRADE.

HIRAM ANDERSON,

No. 99 BOWERY.

Splendid Medallion Velvets, Bordered

Elegant Tapestry Velvets, Crossley's

make.

Royal Wilton Velvets, new styles.

Crossley's five-frame Brussels Carpets.

A superior assortment of Church Car-

pets.

Imperial 3-ply Carpets, new styles.

Ingrain Carpets of every variety.

Glossy and elegant Carpets for Altars.

Library, Dining-Room and Hall Carpets.

Superb Velvet and Brussels Stair Carpets.

OIL CLOTHS.

A splendid stock from 3 to 24 feet wide.

DRUGGETS.

And English Fells from 1 to 4 yards wide.

RUGS.

Moate, Wilton, Axminster, Chenille and Tufted.

MATTINGS.

Gowen, Canton and Rope Matting and Mats.

Gold, Painted and Laid Window Shades.

Velvet and Paris Cloth, Table and Piano Covers.

At Extraordinary Low Prices!!

SIGN OF GOLDEN EAGLE.

No. 99 Bowery.

CARPETING.

G. S. HUMPHREY & CO.,

No. 824 BROADWAY,

Opposite the St. Nicholas Hotel,

Offer to be public one of the

LARGEST AND BEST SELECTED STOCKS OF

CARPETINGS

To be found in this country, in part of which is

THE ENTIRE STOCK of a large Importing House

declining business, which will be sold

TWENTY PER CENT LESS THAN COST OF

IMPORTATION.

1,000 pieces

Brussels Carpeting, (best quality),..... 1s. per yard.

Ingrain Carpeting, (best quality),..... 15s. per yard.

AT RETAIL.

a2 3m FOR CASH ONLY.

BUSINESS CARDS.

W. R. ROBERTS,

No. 399 BOWERY.

Between Prince and Houston streets, New York.

Low prices and prompt attention to customers.

SHAWLS, CLOAKS, MANTILLAS, AND DRESS

GOODS OF ALL KINDS. mh19 3m

POWER & DRADDY,

STEAM MARBLE WORKS.

Nos. 129, 134, 136, East 82d street,

NEW YORK.

WINDOW SHADES.

291 WINDOW

FURNITURE. 291

NEW FIRM AND NEW GOODS.

KELTY BROTHERS & LUM,

MANUFACTURERS OF WINDOW SHADES,

and Importers of Buff, White and Green Holland, Lace

and Muslin Curtains, Brocades, Satin de Laines, Reps

Cotton Worsted, and Satin Damask Cornices, Bands

Loops, Tassels, and all goods pertaining to the

UPHOLSTERY BUSINESS.

All of which will be

offered at low prices

if not—by at once. To Smith Brothers betake you.

They can assist you to bear out your plan.

For they either have got or will speedily make you.

The best suit of cloth ever seen upon man.

SPRING STYLES OF CLOTHING.

For promenade and dress; for the workshops, the count-

ing, and the hall.

Including our new styles of

TIPS FOR SPRING OVERCOATS.

THE OLIPHANT AND BLOOMER SACKS,

THE BISHOP FROCK,

SMITH'S OWN.

AND OUR WATER-PROOF DUSTER.

All of which are entirely new and made expressly for

our city trade.

OUR BOYS' DEPARTMENT

Contains an immense stock of everything that is ne-

cessary to supply the standards of the rising generation.

THE PRICE OF EVERY ARTICLE IS MARKED.

And from that price (being the lowest possible) there can

be NO DEVIATION.

Economy, durability and elegance. Good materi-

als, good style and good workmanship. Small profits,

quick returns, and cash for everything.

THESE ARE

THE BUSINESS MAXIMS OF SMITH BROTHERS' prac-

tice.

BY THESE

They have acquired public favor and support;

AND BY PRESENTING IN THE

They will maintain and extend that reputation.

mh19 3m

1859. 1859.

ROGERS & RAYMOND'S

SPRING FASHIONS.

FOR

BOYS AND YOUTHS.

Large and Varied Stock.

One Price and No Deviation.

Our stock of Boys' Clothing for the present season is

attracting

FAMILY CUSTOM

from all quarters, for the following reasons: First, it

complies a greater

VARIETY OF NEW STYLES

than any other in the city. Second, the materials hav-

ing been purchased before the late advance in Clothing

Fabrics, it can be

AFFORDED CHEAPER

than any other stock of equal beauty and excellence now

in the market. Third, every article is marked at its

LOWEST CASH PRICE, thus placing all buyers, whether

good judges of clothing or not, on the same level. The

WELL-KNOWN REPUTATION

of the firm, its immense business, and the system of

equity and fairness which have ever governed its deal-

ings are

SOLID GUARANTEES

of the sterling qualities of its Clothing, and of the reli-

ability of the statements put forth in its advertisements.

THE CUSTOM DEPARTMENT

for Gentlemen, Boys and Youths, is amply stocked with

the latest styles of Clothing furnished to order will be

found equal to any made to measure in the city, while the

charges are moderate.

ROGERS & RAYMOND.

49 3m 121, 123, 125 Fulton street, corner of Nassau.

IN PURSUANCE OF AN ORDER OF

the Surrogate of the County of New York, notice is

hereby given to all persons having claims against HEN-

RY EARLY, late of the City of New York, co-partner

manufacturer, deceased, to present the same with vouch-

ers thereon to the subscriber, at his residence, No. 147

Ekin street in the City of New York, on or before the

fourteenth day of November next.—Dated New York,

the second day of May, 1859.

my18 6m CATHERINE EARLY, Adm'r in trust.

CLOTHING.

NEW GOODS!

NEW PRICES!

A RARE

TO

AT

CLARK'S

MAMMOTH UP-TOWN

CLOTHING EMPORIUM,

398 BOWERY, 400

JUNCTION OF

THIRD

AND

FOURTH

AVENUES,

SIXTH

STREET,

NEW YORK.

TWO

FIVE

STORY

BUILDINGS

DEVOTED

TO THE

SALE AND

MANUFACTURE

OF

MEN'S,

BOYS',

A N D

CHILDREN'S

CLOTHING

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

THE

CHEAPEST

LARGEST,

SELECTED

AND BEST

EVER

STOCK

OFFERED

IN THIS

CITY.

PRICES

GUARANTEED

BELOW

ANY

HOUSE

IN

THE

TRADE!

EACH

POSSESSING

GARMENT

STYLE

AND

DURABILITY

EXCELLED

NONE!

F. DERBY & COMPANY,

57 WALKER STREET,

HAVE THE GOOD FORTUNE

TO ANNOUNCE THAT THEY HAVE RECEIVED,

AND HAVE NOW IN STORE, A COMPLETE

ASSORTMENT OF

NEW GOODS,

BEING MADE TO ORDER FOR THEIR

SPRING AND SUMMER SALES

EX-STEAMERS

Jura, Africa, and Kangaroo,

ADAPTED TO THE WANTS OF

GENTLEMEN OF TASTE,

WHO APPRECIATE STYLE AND QUALITY IN

CLOTHING

IMPORTING TAILORS,

my14 3m 57 Walker Street.

A CARD.

A. & G. A. ARNOUX INVITE

the attention of GENTLEMEN to their stock

of Fine and Superior goods, suited to the Summer

and Spring wear, as one composing all the novelties of

the season.

Our goods are mostly of our own importation, and

in point of style and quality cannot be surpassed, if

equalled, by any other in the city.

In addition to our goods for Coats, pants and Vests

we have all varieties of Ties, Shirts, Suspenders, Socks

Under Garments, and every article for a Gentleman's

wardrobe, which we sell at as low prices as the quality

of the goods will allow.

521 Broadway,

Under St. Nicholas Hotel.

TOBACCO.

JULIAN ALLEN'S CELEBRATED

Famous Smoking TOBACCO, is, without ex-

